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November 28, 1936

The Literary Digest

FOR NOVEMBER 28, 1936

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Mail

Housing

Sir:—We note in your Mail of the October 24 issue a letter on housing which states that you overlook the fact that 65 per cent. of the people in the United States can not afford a house costing more than $3,000.

We have been working for the past two years on semiprefabricated houses to be merchandised through our lumber dealers. Originally we started out with the idea that we should design a house at $2,500. However, after having actual experience in the field, we found to our surprize that the $2,500 house does not sell; $3,750 to $5,000 is a better price range.

In analyzing this condition, we found that the prospective purchaser of a home in the $2,500 price and quality range has not been able to earn enough money during the past six years to make even the initial down payments. Altho he could afford the carrying charges available under insured mortgage loans to-day, the raising of capital, even in the form of a building lot, was out of the question.

F. V. WILSON, JR.
Trenton, New Jersey. Agasote Millboard Co.

No Children Allowed

Sir:—No, children are not being banned from apartment-houses in New York City, thanks to a well-enforced law that forbids such inhuman action. As a result of your

(Continued on page 43)

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Topics in Brief

As a rule, a man begins to bark at his fellow man when he realizes he is going to the dogs.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

Tire prices have been increased 5 per cent. Well, if we are going to have inflation, that looks like the right place to start. —*American Lumberman.*

John Barrymore has finally married his twenty-one year-old protegé. She chased him all over the continent, but he caught her at last.—*Springfield Union.*

A Wisconsin youth shot himself in the leg so he could look like a hero to his girl. The latest Spanish types, we understand, resemble sieves.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Tarzan of the Apes" makes a colorful nickname for Lou Gehrig, but not in the baseball season. The rest of the Yanks might not like the insinuation.—*Detroit News.*

On six Chicago tracks last summer, $32,-148,704 was bet. One good thing about social security is that there are going to be plenty of people who need it.—*American Lumberman.*

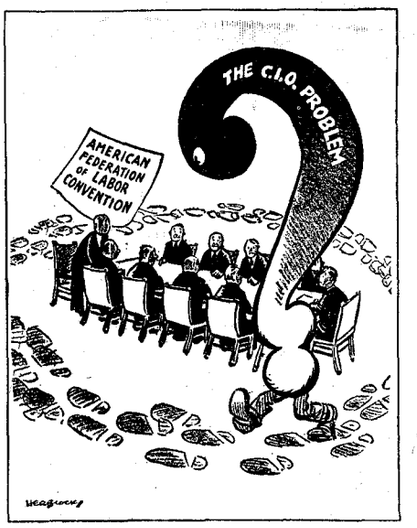
Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do no harm to the average person. But judging by the advertisements, there are no ordinary cigarettes.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Nation-wide straw poll is strictly an American phenomenon. There never has been one of the British populace to see how it stands on a New Deal Queen.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A fugitive from a Michigan prison was a janitor seventeen years in Chicago before he was detected, which Senator Soaper says is not bad time at all for locating a janitor. —*Kansas City Star.*

Officials in charge of planning the New York World's Fair are getting a headache trying to think up original attractions. About the only variation they can find to make it different from other expositions would be a troupe of armless fan-dancers.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOR GOOD MEASURE
—Elderman in Washington Post



WALKING DELEGATE
—Herblock, © NEA

It is fortunate that illiterates have no voice. They might remind us that educated people were the ones who made this mess.—*Dayton Journal.*

It's one that has been around for a while, but it may be new to somebody. The Scotch Townsend Plan calls for a $65 pension at 200.—*Detroit News.*

Father Dionne is said to be reconciled to the guardianship set up for the famous quintuplets. Evidently he is figuring on borrowing a little tobacco money.—*Indianapolis Star.*

Uncle Sam doesn't fear invasion. He knows that if European countries come across they'll have to beat what they've been doing for the last eighteen years.—*Birmingham News.*

Mayor LaGuardia, of New York, is said to be slated to be Secretary of Labor in the new Roosevelt Cabinet. That probably means an end to "All's Quiet on the Potomac."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The Coaches, it is reported, are quite indifferent to the mixing of motor oil and football. All their pent-up enthusiasm, we guess, is reserved for the first fellow who can develop a no-knock alumnus.—*Boston Herald.*

They have already jazzed up the old classic for the stage with swing music, and we are expecting momentarily a thoroughly modernized version on the book-stands under the title, "Uncle Tom's Trailer."—*Boston Herald.*

"A hobby will keep you from going crazy," asserts a psychiatrist. And as to those who have to listen to you talk about your hobby, we suppose it's up to them to maintain their sanity as best they can.—*Washington Post.*

"I find," says Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, "that aroused farmers are worth more than all the brain trusters in getting something done." Yes, but nobody has yet tried paying the brain trusters for not thinking.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The trick in being contented is to buy one model and never read the advertisements of the others.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Many a football contest has been lost by poor generalship. You can't secure the advice of the drug store quarter-back during the game.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

"Do you know what becomes of your money?" asks an insurance company in an ad. Why, certainly. Creditors hound us until we let 'em have it.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

That friend of male America—the one who discovered that cigar-ashes are good for the rug—is out with another. He finds that dead leaves benefit the lawn.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The upshot of the many recent meetings of scientists is that we have a clear picture of the world in 3000 A.D. and nothing on Europe's condition next Tuesday.—*Barron's.*

Farm tractors are now being made with pneumatic tires and built-in radios. If the manufacturers will add a built-on dance floor and furnish a blonde siren with each one it will be difficult to keep the boys from plowing more than their allotted acreage.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Columnists' Corner

A visiting Japanese health expert says the normal life span should be about 120 years. . . . We'll give him ten days of dodging autos before changing his theories.—Clyde Moore in *The Ohio State Journal.*

Sounds in the night: In the Dizzy Club: "If only he wouldn't talk! He kept calling them 'electoral volts'." . . . In the Hollywood: "Hello, I haven't seen you since the last time I was so bored." . . . In the Barrel of Fun: "Either he's a perfect gentleman, or I ain't his type.". . . A nervous announcer at NBC: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we present the A. and G. Pipsies!" —Walter Winchell in the New York *Daily Mirror.*

Ask me, sometime, what kind of evening hats the girls are wearing in New York and I'll never be able to tell you. They must be hats, or they wouldn't wear them where they do.—Don Rose in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

Jersey beer must be some kin to Jersey justice and Jersey unemployed relief. The police in a New Jersey city were taking a man, whom they had found dead in the streets, to a morgue, when the corpse sat up suddenly and said: "That was lousy beer."—Jorge in *The Daily Worker.*

Floyd Gibbons told us this one . . . "The Spanish Rebels are crossing the carrier-pigeons with parrots in hope of getting a verbal message through the enemy lines."—W. S. (Bill) Farnsworth in the New York *Evening Journal.*

Finger-prints will be taken by the Miami police of all strangers who work there during the winter season. This would seem to assure immunity for the gangsters.—H. I. Phillips in the Birmingham *Age Herald.*

Willie Raskin, the song writer, had a new song accepted by the publishers this week. The title is "The Literary Digest Says She Loves Me; That's Why I'm Lonesome To-Night!"—Leonard Lyons in the New York *Post.*

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 28, 1936

Topics of the day

CIVIL SERVICE VERSUS PATRONAGE

Old Fight to Extend Merit System in Government Continues

Two pistol shots dramatized the necessity for Civil Service reform half a century ago. A sweeping proposal to amend the Constitution of the United States may dramatize it again this winter.

Every schoolboy knows the elements in the tragedy of July 2, 1881: The cavernous, gloomy railroad station in Washington. Bearded President Garfield walking slowly down the concourse bound for a college reunion in Massachusetts. A pasty-faced, hollow-cheeked man near-by in the shadows. The shots. The mortally wounded President. The assassin, Charles J. Guiteau of New York, identified as a man who had been haunting the White House demanding a job—any kind of a Federal job. A shocked nation. A cartoon, reprinted everywhere, representing the assassin leveling his pistol with the demand: "An office or your life." A spreading realization that the spoils system was galloping hell-for-leather over the Federal Government. Then swift, decisive action: the famous Civil Service Act of 1883.

Status—And yet, to-day, only about 60 per cent. of Federal jobholders are appointed on the merit basis. Of the 824,000 Federal jobs about 325,000 are held by employees exempt from the Civil Service law, and nearly a quarter of a million of these have been added since 1933.

Only ten States have Civil Service laws. In thirty-eight States and in most cities, counties, towns and villages, ability and fitness are apt to be secondary in appointments. When Michigan went Democratic in 1932, 90 per cent. of the State employees lost their jobs; when it went Republican in 1934 the same number met the same fate. Paradise enow for the spoilsmen.

Meanwhile, the American people pay out $4,500,000,000 a year for the salaries of their public servants, Federal, State and local. They grin and bear it when—as happened a few days ago—Postmaster General Farley, rewarding Election day ardor with plums, gave 3,000 temporary post-office jobs in one big batch to Tammany.

Spoils System—It was Andrew Jackson who fathered the plum-peddling system that has lasted to this day. John Adams, succeeding Washington, removed only nineteen Federal employees, and his immediate successors followed his lead. Then, in 1829, came Jackson and glorification of the slogan, "To the victors belong the spoils." A relentless fighter who rewarded his friends and punished his enemies, Jackson made a clean sweep of Federal employees.

For the next forty years, the spoilsman ruled the Federal roost. The ideal of improving the Federal service went by the board. Office-beggars, often incompetent or worse, swarmed into Washington after every Presidential election, clamoring through the streets and saloons. "There," Abraham Lincoln warned, "you see something which in the course of time will become a greater danger to the Republic than was the rebellion."

Under Grant, conditions became so scandalous that something simply had to be done. George William Curtis, editor, abolitionist before the War Between the States, woman suffrage champion later, was asked to conduct an investigation. He did, and reported: "The business of the nation, the legislation of Congress, the duties of the departments are all subordinated to the distribution of what is called 'the spoils.' No one escapes. President, Secretaries, Senators, Representatives . . . become mere office-brokers."

Merit System—The upshot was the creation of a short-lived Federal Board with Curtis as Chairman. Surprized applicants for jobs in the Departments at Washington and in the Customs Service and post-offices in one or two cities found themselves obliged to prove their fitness by taking competitive examinations. Then Congress lost interest, the Curtis Commission died and the merit system was buried with it.

But meantime, a group of serious-faced men had gathered in a high-ceilinged room in the home of Dorman B. Eaton, New York lawyer. Out of their discussion came the National Civil Service Reform League, with Curtis as President. When the assassination of Garfield stunned the public and sent up a cry for reform, the League was ready with legislation.

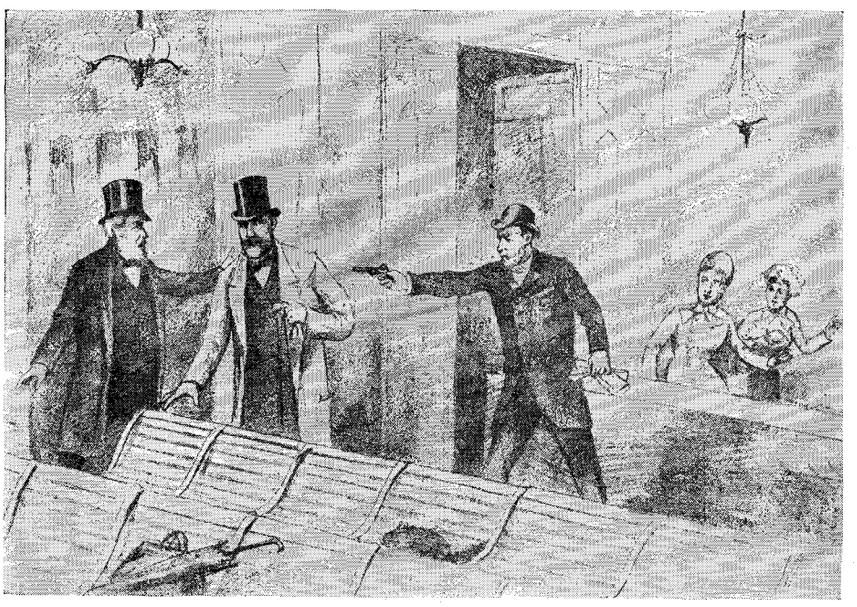
Enacted in 1883, it authorized the President to appoint a Civil Service Commission to conduct competitive examinations and prepare lists of eligibles for certain positions he may declare "classified." It also empowered him to add to or subtract from the "classified" positions.

To-day, altho all Federal employees, except those in the Army and Navy, are civil employees, those appointed on the merit basis have come to be known as "Civil Service" employees, or employees in the "classified" service. The others, employees in the "unclassified" service, are "outside the Civil Service."

State Laws—Happy over its Federal victory, the League turned to the States. In Albany, a League-drafted Civil Service bill was introduced in the Legislature by an up-and-coming young fellow named Theodore Roosevelt and was soon enacted. But after the passage of this State law, the first in the United States, victories came hard. Tho Massachusetts soon swung into line, it was twenty years (1903) before the third State, Ohio, passed a Civil Service law. Kentucky, the tenth State, acted only last year.

Until the depression knocked it back on its heels, the merit system continued to make its best advances along the Federal front (see table). The first "classified" positions—postal and customs clerks—numbered only 18,000 out of 100,000 Federal employees. But successive Presidents gradually extended the system. Cleveland, a warm friend of the Civil Service, put technicians, statisticians and accountants under it. Theodore Roosevelt, when President, extended it to fourth-class postmasters (in small communities with pay based on office receipts) east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. President Taft extended it to all fourth-class postmasters. And so on.

Then came the depression and chaos. State and local governments, as well as the



AN EYE-WITNESS VIEW OF GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION

—E. Forrest in New York Daily Graphic, July 5, 1881

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How Presidents have extended the "classified" service since 1883

President	*Number of Federal employees at beginning of term*	*"Classified" service at beginning of term*	*Extensions of "classified" service during term*	*Percentage of extensions based on all positions in "classified" service*	*Percentage of extensions based on total number of Federal employees*
Arthur (1883-5)	131,208	13,924	1,449	10.3	1.1
Cleveland (1885-9)	150,000	15,573	7,259	46.6	5.2
Harrison (1889-93)	170,000	27,330	8,690	31.7	5.1
Cleveland (1893-7)	180,000	37,865	42,511	112.2	23.6
McKinley (1897-1901)	192,000	87,044	1,330	1.5	0.7
Roosevelt (1901-9)	256,000	106,205	34,766	32.7	13.6
Taft (1909-13)	367,794	234,940	40,711	17.3	11
Wilson (1913-21)	369,879	282,597	14,104	4.9	3.8
Harding (1921-3)	597,482	448,112	1,354	0.3	0.2
Coolidge (1923-9)	548,531	411,398	6,897	1.6	1.3
Hoover (1929-33)	587,665	445,957	1,901	0.4	0.3
Roosevelt (1933-6)	578,231	467,161	7,980	1.6	1.4

Federal Government, were forced to create all kinds of new agencies to cope with relief and recovery.

The Federal Government, brewing its bottomless alphabet soup, had no time to make the merit system part of it, and apparently not much inclination.

As President Dodds of Princeton puts it, "a second Civil Service reform, 1936 model, is needed."

To many the proper 1936 model seems to be a stream-lined amendment to the Constitution. Its chief sponsor is the old and honorable National Civil Service Reform League—"the police of the Civil Service" President Coolidge called it—now headed by the wealthy, dynamic Robert L. Johnson.

Amendment—The proposed amendment is quite innocent-looking: "Appointments and promotions in the Civil Service of the United States shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained by examinations which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive." But adoption of this amendment would be as resultful as the Civil Service Law of 1883.

It would strip the President of his power to extend or contract the Civil Service at his pleasure. It would require all Federal employees, except a few in high policy-making positions, to get their jobs on the basis of merit determined by oral or written tests. It would raise the percentage of "classified" Federal employees from 60 to about 98. It would give vast impetus to Civil Service reform in States and other subdivisions of Government. In large measure, it would introduce the much-admired English career service in the United States.

In England, civil employees, after suitable examinations, enter the service early in life. Their jobs are secure, their promotions are obtained on merit and their morale is excellent. Publicly at least, they are neutral in politics. In England, a Liberal Government may succeed a Conservative Government, or vice versa, with fewer than fifty changes among employees.

Patronage—England answers the inevitable question of how political parties could exist without patronage. As a matter of fact the patronage system is not an unmixed blessing even to politicians. "Patronage has liabilities," declared Herbert Hoover; an old saw says that every political appointment makes one ingrate and a dozen enemies. And Senator Norris of Nebraska has declared: "When a political party has nothing to keep it together except holding public office, the elements of death are already upon it."

But Hoover and Norris are not average politicians, nor are they average Congressmen. The next Congress will be even more one-sided than the last.

Unless President Roosevelt throws his weight behind them, therefore, the chances of the Civil Service amendment, or measures of similar purpose, seem something less than bright. But the President may. He has shown considerable interest in the Civil Service in recent months; he has promised that the merit system "is in no danger at my hands" and he has declared: "I am confident that the great majority of voters of all parties would oppose a return to the spoils system."

EXIT BRAIN TRUST: No. 6 (Tugwell) of Preelection Advisers Steps Out of Political Picture

Brain Trust (U.S.): A phrase coined in 1933 to designate a group of educators in political science and economy—students and experts—whose services are supposed to supplement the political knowledge of the Chief Executive.

That definition of American journalese was sufficiently current to be inserted in the 1935 revision of Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. To-day the term is virtually obsolete—its final traces erased dramatically last week by the resignation of the last of the New Deal's original brain trusters, Rexford Guy Tugwell.

Wide World

Rexford Tugwell: last of the Brain Trusters

Doctor Tugwell, target for years of all that political opponents found not to their liking in the New Deal, quit as Under Secretary of Agriculture and Resettlement Administrator, to become an Executive Vice-President of the American Molasses Company. There, about the first of the year, he rejoins two other former "Brain Trusters": Charles William Taussig, President of the Company, and A. A. Berle, Jr., a Director.

No aspect of the New Deal drew such hot fire as did the Brain Trust. In 1933, every new Government appointee's biography was conned by sedulous newspaper correspondents to see if the newcomer's name ever graced a university catalog. Correspondents never could agree on how many Brain Trusters there were. Thirty or more had at least one of the proper credentials—a degree or a thesis.

Big Six—One by one, the tight little group of six men who in 1932 helped President Roosevelt draft his preelection program have dropped by the wayside.

1. Raymond Moley, the No. 1 Brain Truster, left his desk as Professor of Public Laws at Columbia University, to become Assistant Secretary of State. He broke with Secretary of State Hull at the time of London Economic Conference in June, 1933, and became Editor of the weekly magazine *Today*, published by Vincent Astor, close friend of the President.

2. Charles William Taussig, tall and tight-lipped writer on economics, went to Washington in connection with the London Conference, but returned to his molasses without getting an actual title in the Government.

3. Adolf A. Berle, Jr., deserted his chair as Associate Professor of Corporate Law at Columbia University to serve a short time as special counsel to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. In 1934 he accepted the invitation to join Mayor LaGuardia's Cabinet as City Chamberlain of New York, where he became a one-man municipal "brain trust," resumed his teaching and his law practise.

4. Basil D. O'Connor, the President's former law partner, faded from the picture before President Roosevelt was elected for his first term.

5. Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, of the New York Supreme Court, like Mr. O'Connor, never went to Washington after the preliminary councils.

6. Rexford Guy Tugwell, cataloged by Ernest K. Lindley, Roosevelt biographer, as "the philosopher, the sociologist and the prophet" of the New Deal, stayed longest, but little was heard from him in the final stages of the 1936 campaign.

No Farmer—Born in the fruit-farming district around Sinclairsville, New York, he never considered himself a farmer and didn't want the Department of Agriculture post which he got. He did welcome the chance to put his advanced economic ideas into operation and was pressed into other services—explaining the banking bill to Congress, stabilizing the dollar and helping draft the NRA.

In 1934, faced by charges that he planned to Sovietize the United States, Doctor Tugwell, handsome and poised, safely braved the storm of Senatorial investigation and became Resettlement Administrator. His resettlement projects disbursed $260,000,000, shifting about economic misfits, trying to transform them

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from dead-weight on the relief-rolls into truck-gardeners at least able to feed themselves.

Economists — Doctor Tugwell liked the Brain Trust and wished that it could be made permanent. He thinks economists should plan the nation's course so politicians may follow their charts.

Just before his resignation, President Roosevelt smiled his blessing upon his aid by approving volubly of one of the controversial green-belt "Tugwelltowns" which they had just visited.

But Sidney Olson, of the Washington *Post,* among others, wondered if the move meant a whittling down of the Resettlement Administration under the control of the Department of Agriculture.

CCC FOR GIRLS: Sixteen Camps Operated by NYA to Increase Employability

"At eleven this morning," wrote Eleanor Roosevelt in her syndicated newspaper column last week, "Miss Ann Laughlin, National Youth Administrator for the State of Kansas, came for me at the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City and we drove to see a girls' camp under the NYA. . . . I think they are going to prove what I always contended, that there are work projects which girls can do in camps as well as boys."

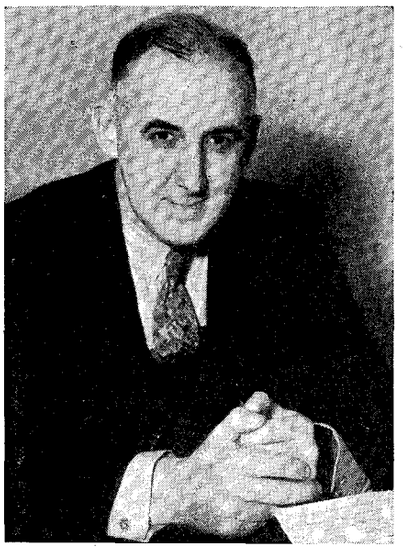
Not a few of Mrs. Roosevelt's readers must have murmured " 'CCC camps' for girls, no less," and raised their eyebrows in surprize, if not their hands in horror. The fact is, however, that sixteen of these camps are already in operation in thirteen States, and there will soon be thirty-four more. Educational Camps of the National Youth Administration, they are called. It is pretty generally agreed that in the last analysis they owe their existence to Mrs. Roosevelt.

The one she visited fifteen miles outside Kansas City is typical. Located on the grounds of a former golf club, it comprises 220 acres of woods, lawns and meadows. Tar-papered barracks, each with beds for ten girls, are grouped around a two-story central building complete with kitchen, dining-room, library, recreation-room and work-rooms. The grounds boast tennis courts, soft-ball diamonds, volley-ball fields and so on.

Educational—The girls, drawn from families on relief, enter the camps to learn rather than to earn. They get board, lodging and incidentals, but only $5 a month in cash. They work about three hours a day, making bandages and dressings for local hospitals, braille-books for the blind, charts and maps for rural schools, and what-not. The rest of the day they devote to sports and other recreations and to studies in hygiene, English, elementary political science, home economics and other subjects suited to their capacities and ages, which range from eighteen to twenty-five. They end their four-month terms demonstrably improved in education and physique.

But there will be only 5,000 of them enrolled at any one time. At this point, and at many others, the girls' camps differ sharply from the CCC camps for boys.

At the moment, there are 350,000 young men, most of them less than twenty years old, enrolled in 2,090 CCC camps. Their



Raymond Moley: No. 1 brain truster

buildings are specially constructed, they wear uniforms—olive-drab for dress, blue denim for work in fields and forests—and their discipline is semimilitary. The girls use existing camp facilities when possible, get them rent-free when they can, furnish their own clothes and discipline themselves through self-government councils. Some local agency, YWCA, parent-teachers' unit, or community chest, invariably acts as sponsor for a girls' camp. This helps to break down parents' objections, as do the obvious benefits in health and happiness of carefully supervised life in the open.

A typical day in a girls' camp runs about as follows: The girls get up at 6:30, breakfast at 7, put their quarters in order, spend a few hours on assigned work projects, lunch at 12, attend classes until midafternoon, swim, skate or play games until dinner at 6, and pass the evening much as they please, sewing, listening to the radio, attending meetings or whatever. Ten o'clock spells lights out. The life is not, however, as regimented as this schedule would imply; within reasonable limits the girls do what they want to when they want to.

Training—One purpose of the camps is to increase the girls' employability; when they return home they are assisted to obtain jobs. A more fundamental purpose is explained by Dorothea de Schweinitz, national head of the camps. It is "not only to reestablish the morale of the girls who have grown to young womanhood in a period of family and community dejection, but to teach them by practise and experience the responsibilities of living in a democracy."

Miss de Schweinitz is a brown-haired, bright-eyed, attractive outdoor type who avoids all cosmetics on the ground that they make a woman look artificial. She is decidedly social-minded, is deeply interested in vocational guidance and proud of her experience in settlement work.

Probably she is aware that hostile critics will compare her camps with those of Nazi Germany. Actually they are quite unlike. In Germany, attendance, voluntary for others, is compulsory for those girls who wish to attend a university. Some 12,000 girls attend the camps of the Third Reich. They do actual labor in the fields, wear simple, rough uniforms, live under strict discipline, and are drilled early and late in the Nazi ideology—to work hard, marry young and bear many children.

On the walls of one German girls' camp forty miles west of Berlin hangs the admonitory placard:

> Spin, spin, my daughter;
> Then you will get a man.
> So spin, spin, my daughter,
> Spin all you can.

European

Maedchen in camps . . . amilking

SOCIAL REGISTER: Some 25,000 Gilt-Edged Names In, Dog Pet Out of New Edition

The "400" have become 25,000.

Publication of the 1937 Social Registers emphasizes once more how far afield have spread the self-chosen legion of the late Ward McAllister, social arbiter of the '90's. In those days of Mrs. Astor's horse, much brain-racking had to be indulged in to find 150 eligibles under the stricter code of the period.

Nowadays, society's guide book is the result of elimination, selection, constant change—lest the chosen minority get out of hand, disgrace the sacred tradition, or jump to 4,000,000 members.

Definition—When James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the old New York *Herald,* decided to inaugurate a society page, he defined American society as consisting of all prominent persons, of good family, "who did not invite him to their parties."

The Social Register Association of New York follows a stricter routine. Publishing books every November in a dozen cities, it tries to hold the Old Guard in line; challenge all newcomers, eliminate those who have flirted too openly with the front pages, divorce courts, stage or cinema.

One society editor stated: "The Social Register is little more than a glorified telephone book in New York City. It is on the desk of every smart florist, photographer, dressmaker, night-club or restaurant proprietor." In other cities it remains, to a large extent, a rock of prestige in the community.

Names—The exact number of names appearing in the new book is not known as yet. "We haven't had time to count

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them," snapped an employee of the Association, behind the screened window of the headquarters in Manhattan.

But New York's tome contains the same number of pages (1,015) as the 1936 issue. The names occupy the same space—881 pages; Mr. and Mrs. Leon Abbett lead off, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Zunino, Jr., close. It is further stated that both marriages and deaths in society declined in 1936. More than half of the nation's estimated 25,000 gilt-edged names appear in this book.

The remainder are to be found in the volumes published for Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Dayton, San Francisco, Baltimore and Buffalo.

History—Back in 1887, Louis Keller, moderately wealthy New Yorker of good family, privately published a little list of his friends—for his friends. This grew into the Social Register. The initial issue contained 100 pages; its inspiration came from shopping and visiting lists then current.

Leaping into popularity, the annual book soon covered the nation. Keller hoped to publish an issue in every city of 100,000 population. This was never realized. In the most prosperous days of 1925, twenty-five cities were covered. These included Richmond, Charleston, Savannah and Atlanta, Providence, New Orleans, St. Paul, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Detroit and Minneapolis. But lack of interest sent the list back to the dozen now published.

Listings—The Social Register lists members of families, their clubs, universities, addresses and telephone numbers. In the summer-time, yachts and country estates are given. To maintain accuracy, a section known as "Dilatory Domiciles" follows the registerites in December and January and during the summer. Marriages and deaths are likewise recorded.

Girls from twelve to seventeen, boys from fourteen to twenty, appear under the names of older members of their families. In this class, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, twelve, is now entered under the name of her aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, altho her mother, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, has again appealed to the courts to regain possession of the child.

Also published with the Social Register is an annual "Locater" with more than 75,000 names covering those in the books published in all the cities, in alphabetical order. This is to trace marriages of persons from one city to those of another.

Sale—The subscription is $7 a year for New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston; $6 for St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Dayton, San Francisco, Baltimore or Buffalo. For $9 the Locater is included with the year's subscription for any one city.

Circulation is estimated at 30,000, bringing in an annual income of more than $165,000. There is no advertising and any one may buy a copy. The property is said to be worth $600,000 to $800,000.

Entrance—How does one get in the high-toned book? The procedure is simple. Either upon application or invitation, one fills out a blank listing family, residence, yacht and references.

The matter is referred to a committee including Miss Bertha M. Eastmond of Summit, New Jersey, and Charles Keller Beekman, lawyer, heir and nephew of the original founder. When Louis Keller died in 1923, he provided for Miss Eastmond, his secretary. Now fifty-two years old, she draws a salary of $10,000 a year, ten per cent. of the net.

Other arbiters try to maintain secret their identity but, unofficially, Miss Julianna Cutting, social secretary and specialist in débutante parties, and Emily Post, authority on manners, are said to be deciding voices.

Celebrities—Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh are listed in the new edition, as are all the Vanderbilt clan with the exception of Cornelius, Jr., dropped after he wrote "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Mrs. Ernest A. Simpson, friend of King Edward, appears as: "Simpson, Mrs. Warfield (Spencer-Wallis Warfield), 16 Cumberland Terrace, London." Mr. Simpson, recently divorced by her, is listed with his address as the Guards Club, London.

The President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt are listed at the White House with all their children. Their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Boettiger, are listed as New York residents.

Omissions—Many former social registerites, through marriages to stage or screen stars, are omitted, as are some who appeared in too much front-page news, notorious or otherwise.

Star of last summer's issue of the Social Register, Miss Rose, an unpedigreed Pekingese, is also missing from the new edition. Society tittered, laughed, guffawed in the warm months when it read: "Morris, Mr. and Mrs. George L. K., 'Brookhurst,' Lennox, Mass. Juniors: Miss Rose."

Despite their prank, the Morris, seniors, are still in the book.

Acme

Miss Rose (left) omitted from social register . . . Mrs. Morris retained

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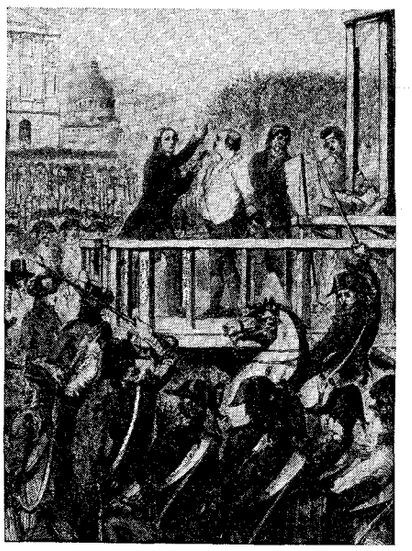
BEHEADING HOAX: Springfield, Mo., Citizens "Prefer" Guillotine to Impure Water

"Therefore all citizens of Springfield must be decapitated."

Not under ruthless dictatorship, but in the "good old U. S. A." twenty-nine "one hundred per cent. Americans" of Springfield, Missouri, signed a petition for a revival of the *guillotine* in that city of an estimated 57,527 persons. To safeguard the welfare of their children, the signatures of these twenty-nine civic leaders intimated that they would gladly mount rickety tumbrels and bow their heads with proud disdain.



Brown Brothers

"The Terror": twenty-nine citizens of Springfield, Missouri, asked for it

The reason: in large type the petition was headed: "DO YOU WANT PURE WATER? DON'T BE FOOLED." In small type, well down the column, was the decapitation item, the work of a pair of pranksters taking advantage of the hasty signatures of good citizens who really did want pure water to safeguard the welfare of their children, but without the drastic protest of French Revolutionary trimmings.

Drought—The "needling" of Springfield's business men, so that they were easy marks for such a prank, began with a serious drought last summer. Since that time, two factions have been warring over the water question, one demanding a municipal plant, the other contending that a city-owned water-works would be a grab-bag for politicians. The present water-works, owned by a corporation, was built when the city had a population of 35,000 and needed only a daily average of 5,000,000 gallons of water. With an increased population, the demand is for 7,500,000 to 10,000,000 gallons daily.

Lacking sufficient *aqua pura*, many citizens complained of stomach trouble. Suits have been filed against the water company; surveys have been made for new filtration plants; at one session, the Municipal Council declared the company's franchise void.

Climax—The decapitation-protest petition, while intended as a prank, brought matters to a climax. Altho most signers admitted that they had not spotted the hoax, others insisted they had; and all asserted they were ready to "go through with it."

From one man, who had suffered long from sciatic rheumatism: "As an alternative to drinking more of Springfield's water, decapitation would be a distinct improvement."

In the meantime, the situation is still under control along the Springfield waterfront. Mayor Harry D. Durst is looking to Washington for $3,000,000 to help build a city plant which would satisfy the Municipal Council. The petitioners, should they fail to get their hearts' desire, have asked that the local WPA construct their *guillotine* in the public square.

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PEGGED WAGE: U. S. Gathers Data on Which Controversial Sliding Scale Pay Is Based

The shower of bonuses and wage increases which burst over American workers after the smashing election victory of President Roosevelt continued to give evidence last week that prosperity has popped out from behind the corner and is pounding down the highway in full view.

While pay envelops were swelling up to predepression size, however, business and labor leaders were occupied with a fortnight-old quarrel over the form the wage-advance had taken in certain industries. The scrap began when some 16,000 workers in the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation refused to accept a ten per cent. wage increase because it carried with it the provision that henceforth the company's wage scale would go up or down as the cost-of-living index published by the Department of Labor went up or down.

From heated arguments for and against pegged pay envelops, the average reader could glean only a hazy idea of what they were pegged on.

Comprehensive—A four-page mimeographed report issued every three months by the Department of Labor's Bureau of Labor Statistics, the official name of the cost-of-living index is *Changes in the Cost of Living*. The report lists foods (84 items, or 90 per cent. of all food purchases), clothing (82 items), fuel and light (8 items), household furnishings (21 items), and 44 miscellaneous items comprising everything from "personal care" (shaves, manicures) to church contributions.

Sixteen field agents who every three months interview 5,062 haberdashers, druggists, milliners, and other retail dealers exclusive of those for food, fuel and light, send their reports on prices to the Retail Price Section of the Bureau. Here the data are assembled by an office force of twenty-eight under the direction of Miss Stella Stewart, sister of Walter W. Stewart, former (1928-'30) Economic Adviser to the Bank of England.

Since it would be physically impossible for Miss Stewart's field workers to cover the more than 2,000 retail outlets for food every month in addition to their other work, she borrows help from the Department of Labor's Immigration Service. Once a month, workers in the branch offices of the Service pass the afternoon gathering information on the costs of meat, vegetables, eggs, milk and the other food items.

Utilities report fuel and light costs to Washington every month.

The data come from fifty-one cities. Once compiled, they are sent to the Bureau's Cost of Living Division, where twenty statisticians pore over what the average American family buys and arrange the items in proportion to the amounts used. This arrangement is based on tables which were two years in the making. They show the type and proportion of purchases made by Americans, the kind of food they eat, clothing they buy, and the amount of income they put aside for each of these groups.

Revisions—The tables are revised and brought up to date annually. Used as a yardstick against which the Retail Price Section's data can be measured, they determine changes in the cost of living. And will determine in the future whether certain employees are to get fat or thin pay envelops—accompanied by a discord of applause and doubt.

Cautioning the workers is the booming voice of John L. Lewis, whose Committee for Industrial Organization can not afford to buck a pay rise in the midst of its campaign to unionize the mass-production steel workers. "Freezing" the level of wages to the cost of living would bind the employees "to a continuation of their existence at the same economic level," he declares.

Yet a good six weeks ago, the General Electric Company had announced that the wages of all its own employees who received less than $4,000 would vary up or down according to the gyrations of the cost-of-living index. It was almost the same plan, yet it had gone through without a word of protest from the belligerent Lewis.

Weir Dissents—As Carnegie-Illinois Directors moved last week to give the recalcitrant 16,000 their pay increase, whether or not they accepted the controversial provision, the steel industry revealed that it is by no means united behind this particular wage plan. The most forthright condemnation of it came from Ernest T. Weir of the Weirton Steel Company.

© International

Weirton's Ernest T. Weir . . . condemns frozen living standards for his steel-workers

"The public appears to have gained the mistaken opinion the steel industry as a whole has adopted this sliding scale of wages. . . . I can not subscribe to the theory . . . because if carried to its natural conclusion this arrangement would halt future advances in the standard of living."

LABOR SEESAW: Pay Rises, Expanding Jobs, Offset by Fight Within Ranks

American labor beamed and gloomed alternately last week.

A survey showed that more than $180,000,000 in bonuses and pay rises had passed from employers to workers since the Election. That was something to be happy about.

Before boarding the *Indianapolis* on his way to Buenos Aires, President Roosevelt made a special plea to industry to expand the employment of unskilled labor and workers over forty years of age. That was cause for cheerfulness, too.

But from Tampa, where the American Federation of Labor had convened to decide how it should deal with the authority-flouting John L. Lewis and the ten unions allied with him in the insurgent Committee for Industrial Organization, there exuded nothing but gloom.

Almost from the hour of the delegates' arrival, there had been trouble. The weather was damp and cold and Tampa's flouncy Spanish hotels had to turn on the steam-heat. Even when the sun came out, it was too cold to go to the beaches.

Mystery—Then there was the business of the posters. When the A.F.L. officials opened the packages from the printer, they found on the big cards intended for display in hotels and store windows, not the Federation's seal of clasped hands, but two clenched fists. No one could explain the mystery.

Irksome as these difficulties were, they were trivial enough compared to the convention's big problem. The Executive Council had suspended the "rebel" Lewis unions for fostering a "dual organization." Now, by some prestidigitatory feat, the convention had to approve this act and extend the olive-branch of peace.

For a whole week, the delegates turned their backs on this poser. They heard President Green defend the Executive Council's suspension order in one breath and, in the next, invite the absent unions to "come on back" to their convention seats "and fight out our differences in a manly fashion."

First move against the C.I.O. was the vote to boycott the union label of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Then organized labor was asked to seek an amendment to the Federal Constitution permitting national social welfare legislation because State legislation along labor and welfare lines had proved inadequate.

The Committee on Education Legislation charged that organized employers were banded together to "throttle" the La Follette Committee's investigation of industrial espionage and the use of strike-breakers in industrial disputes.

Meanwhile other men met elsewhere in the country to dig the foundations of a program for labor's future.

Mayors—Early in the week, Mayors from sixty-two cities converged on Washington for their sixth annual conference; heard Harry L. Hopkins of the WPA recommend continued heavy expenditures to support an estimated 7,000,000 idle during 1937; heard Harold L. Ickes, PWA Administrator and sometime rival of Hopkins, assert that the time had come "to retrench all along the line"; then adopted a series of resolutions.

They asked Congress to appropriate enough money to keep the WPA's made-work program going at least until June 30, 1937, and to appropriate additional funds for the PWA. They proposed a new Cabinet office—Department of Public Welfare—to take over all government agencies now engaged in social welfare.

On the fourth and final day of the conference, they dispatched a telegram to William Green pleading: "We are anxious that the economic welfare of our citizens should not suffer from any dissensions within the ranks of organized labor and forcefully urge

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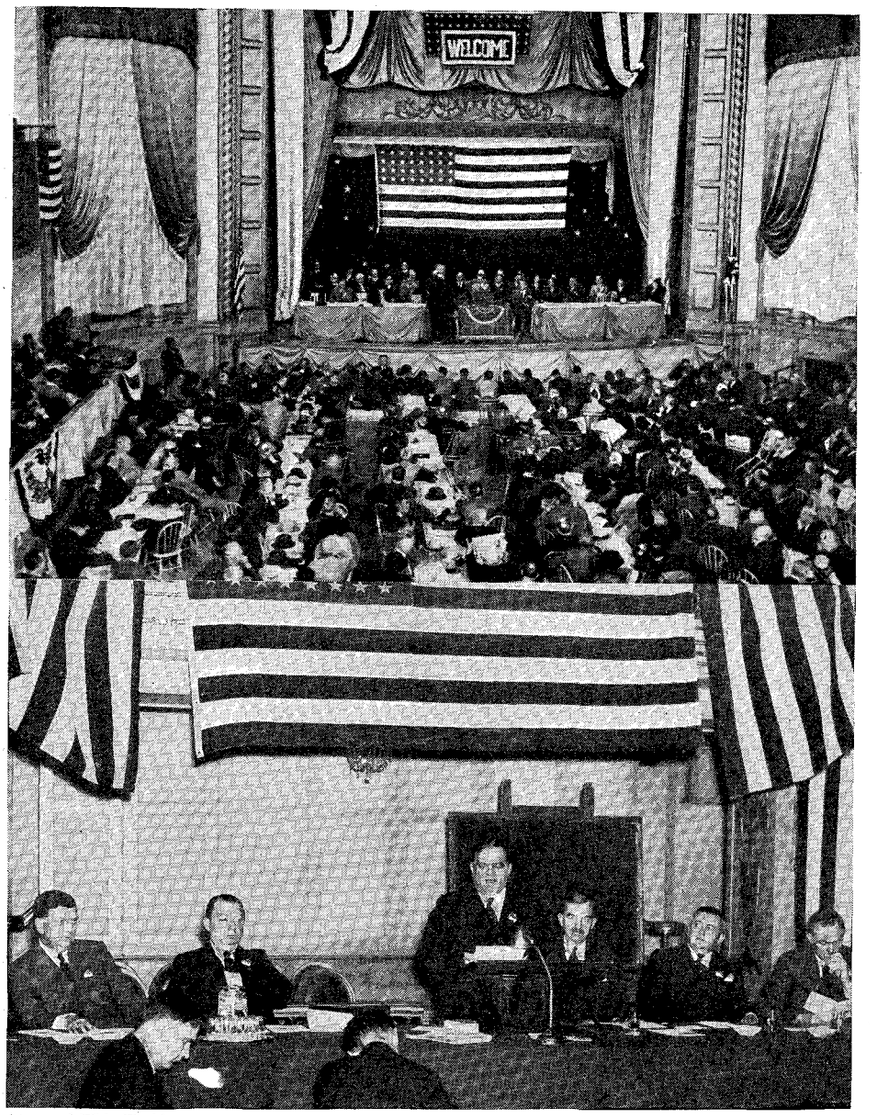

Acme and Wide World

A.F.L. at Tampa challenges absent C.I.O. to "come on back and fight," while (bottom) Mayors at Washington "forcefully urge that both sides sit down and adjust differences"

that both sides sit down and adjust differences."

Governors—In Missouri, a traveling conference of twenty Governors met in St. Louis, entrained for Jefferson City, then for Kansas City, over a period of three days. Between luncheons and banquets, they conferred at length on social security.

Under the Social Security Act, employers in every State will be taxed to pay for Unemployment Compensation. States which have adopted unemployment insurance programs acceptable to the Social Security Board may keep all but 10 per cent. of this tax to pay for their programs. Others must turn the entire amount over to the United States Treasury.

So far, only sixteen States have gone to the trouble and expense of calling special sessions of their Legislatures to adopt acceptable programs and thus get under the wire by December 31, as the Act specifies. Unanimously, the Conference of Governors requested that President Roosevelt recommend to the next Congress legislation that would enable the remaining thirty-two States to receive the full benefit of the tax until they can pass the necessary laws.

Business Men—Last December, American business had its back up and was snarling at the New Deal. Typical of the attitude of industrial leaders throughout the country was the Platform for American Industry drawn up by the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers.

"We are asked," grumbled this document, "to revert to a reactionary and coercive system that denies the rights and freedom of the individual and makes him the servant of the Government, which, in turn, assumes and exercises a growing dictatorship over the social and economic life of the people."

Last week, business sportingly gave notice that it could forget old grievances and could extend a friendly hand instead of shaking its fist. In Washington, Secretary of Commerce Roper's Business Advisory Council received a request from the White House for "further absorption of workers by private industry," for help in clearing out slums and erecting low-cost housing projects, for higher wages and better working conditions in industry.

Acceptance—The Council accepted "the responsibilities placed upon us by the President," and declared that "all groups should cooperate fully to consolidate the recovery that we have thus far attained, and lay a sounder foundation for future economic development and progress."

Meanwhile, plans were drawn in other quarters for harmony between industry and the New Deal—for the ultimate benefit of labor. The National Association of Manufacturers organized a series of dinners in Washington and ten other cities this week to symbolize "wide-spread desire of manufacturers to cooperate whole-heartedly with the Government for the benefit of the country as a whole."

LETTER - WRITER: Charles Hooper Quits Idaho After Sending 78,000 Missives to Editors

"Charles Hooper, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, U. S. A."

In the past ten years, more than 78,000 letters have bombarded newspaper offices of some thirty countries with this signature. Written in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, these missives have appeared in most American and Canadian cities of 25,000 population; European Capitals; Reykjavik, Iceland, and Afghanistan.

Now the famous address has appeared for the last time.

Charles Hooper, middle-aged New Yorker of modest income, is *en route* to the East to visit his mother for the first time since he went West, twenty-four years ago.

"I am possibly the only man in the world who does nothing but write letters to the newspapers," he told reporters.

Schooling—Educated in the public schools of New York, the College of the City of New York, Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary, Hooper worked his way to Europe in a cattle-boat. After an unfortunate love affair, he returned, went West.

There he was an apple-orchard employee, freight-hand, porter, assistant to a wandering photographer and finally owner of a candy stand in the streets of Seattle.

Then he decided to devote his life to writing letters to the newspapers. "I chose the medium of the newspaper letter column as the best means of getting my ideas before the public, and regard myself as a legitimate descendant of the old pamphleteers and *Junius*."

Versatile—His themes are varied: politics, religion, morals, literature, music, arts, education. Or June brides, the advantage of babies being born in the spring and the dangers of throwing banana-peels on the sidewalks.

Hooper believes his early work was instrumental in reelecting Woodrow Wilson for a second term, his later work helpful in bringing about repeal.

A Hooper letter, one of the latest to appear:

"Readers of *The Times* who fray their tempers trying to pull refractory corks from bottles of wine or liquor will welcome this simple method that occurred to me: Place a drop or two of olive-oil on top of the cork, then work the circumference of the cork with a penknife so that the oil will flow between the cork and the bottle. Let the bottle stand for a while to give the oil time to seep down and the corks can be drawn with the greatest of ease."

With thick graying hair and Van Dyke beard, still unmarried, Hooper doesn't know where he will settle now. One thing only he is certain of—he will not desert his public with the familiar . . .

"To the Editor of *The* . . ."

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SPAIN: PAWN IN "LITTLE WORLD WAR"

Powers Which "Should Be Firemen" Seen "Feeding Flames"

The world expected Italy and Germany to recognize Gen. Francisco Franco's Insurgent Government as soon as war-shattered Madrid fell. But last week, while Fascists continued a bloody, indecisive battle over university buildings on the extreme northwest edge of the still unconquered city, Benito Mussolini jumped the gun.

Disregarding the rule of Premier Francisco Largo Caballero at Valencia and the strong-willed support of Barcelona Leftists behind President Manuel Azaña, the Italian dictator extended formal recognition to the Spanish Fascists. His *communiqué* read:

"In consequence of the fact that General Franco has taken possession of the greater part of Spain, and the development of a situation which shows with increasing clarity that in the remaining part of Spain one can not speak of the exercise of a responsible governing power, the Fascist Government has decided to recognize the Government of General Franco and send to that Government a *Chargé d'Affaires* to begin diplomatic relations."

Adolf Hitler, Il Duce's most enthusiastic ally, echoed the sentiment in practically identical words.

Munitions—In so far as their pretexts were sound, they were just as sound three weeks ago, when the Insurgents first tried to batter the gates of Madrid. The declaration tossed both Powers into a position where they could legally and openly supply arms to the Fascists; France and the Soviet Union, to prevent the "little world war" from flaming across the Continent, long ago forswore their own right to ship munitions openly to the duly elected Government. For the time being, however, Italy and Germany continued to pay lip-service to the Non-Intervention Committee in London, tho Franco's men fought with their planes, while Russian pilots and materials bolstered Madrid's defense.

British editors immediately denied that the step would bring war nearer. For London, graver danger of an international explosion lay in the warning which General Franco dispatched to neutrals.

Because of the "notorious entry of munitions, tanks, air-planes and gas at the port of Barcelona," he threatened to blockade that city, and advised all foreign ships to leave immediately.

The blunt notice, and the Government's apparent willingness to abide by it, roused British Laborites to fury. "As these people are rebels and without status in international law," Maj. Clement R. Attlee, Socialist leader, shot at Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, "would not action of the kind indicated be mere piracy?" Eden hedged: "At present we have not accorded belligerent rights to either side." Then, stung by a Communist's gibe, the diplomat lost his temper. "As far as breaches of the non-intervention agreement are concerned," he flamed, "I wish to state categorically that there are other Governments more to blame than either Germany or Italy." "Shame!" Laborites sympathetic to Russia cried, while Conservatives boomed "Hear, hear!"

Objectives—Later, in a speech to his constituents, Eden insisted Britain had only two duties toward Spain, to limit the suffering as much as possible, and to keep the conflict from spreading.

"It is unfortunately true that the non-intervention agreement has not been so strictly observed by all as could be wished. That fact, however regrettable, does not cause us in any way to modify our decision in favor of the principle of non-intervention. Because some who should be firemen take a hand now and again at feeding the flames—that is no reason why the whole fire brigade should leave its posts and join in fanning Europe into a furnace."

Franco still needs his firemen. Altho Insurgent ships might bombard Barcelona, they could scarcely establish an effective blockade without active Italian support, for only three cruisers, two torpedo boats, and a gunboat have deserted. Madrid's forces include the battle-ship *Jaime Primero*, three cruisers, thirteen destroyers, two torpedo-boats and two submarines. To make good his threat, Franco would need further help from Berlin and Rome, since Britain traditionally refuses to respect a "paper" blockade.

Americans—Washington, historic champion of freedom of the seas, took the cheerful position that it had not received official notice; the Seville Consulate reported that Gen. Quiepo de Llano, of Franco's forces, had stopped by with a copy of the instructions sent to the Insurgent commander's Lisbon representative. United States ships, in any case, have been boycotting Spanish ports. The State Department owed its sleepness nights more to fear for the safety of Americans in Barcelona and Madrid.

Mahlon Perkins, Consul in the threatened port, decked out his fellow citizens with special arm-bands, and warned them that they remained at their own risk. Washington gave him full authority to leave, and to evacuate his staff and countrymen by American war-ships, at his own discretion. Eric C. Wendelin, the gallant young Third Secretary who has headed the Madrid Embassy since war broke out July 18, got orders to ascertain if he could safely escort the hundred Americans in the city to some port. Wendelin himself, it was explained, would not leave the country, but would set up an Embassy in Largo Caballero's temporary Capital, Valencia.

Cruelty—Altho Franco assured the Powers he would not bomb the Legation quarter, winged missiles landed dangerously close. It was only then, Madrid newspapers pointed out, that the Ambassadors across the French border protested the cruelty of the air raids.

After an artillery and air bombardment lasting nearly three weeks, Franco still hovered on the outskirts of the city while Madrilenos crept nightmare-like through its ruined beauty. To the terror of daylight air raids was added the unspeakable horror of night attacks. Women and children fell in streets and parks, or under crumbling buildings. Tho no figures of the wounded and dead were published, corpses mounted in the morgue faster than coffins could be made to receive them, and the bodies had to be buried anyhow.

Fire broke out in the darkened slums and the shrieks of its inhabitants carried a mile away. The magnificent palace of the Duke of Alba, the buildings on the Puerta del Sol, great square in the heart of the city, and numberless churches and homes caught fire.

James M. Minifie, telephoning the Paris office of the New York *Herald Tribune*, had just announced that bombs had landed around the American-owned International Telephone Building, jammed with correspondents waiting to talk, when his Paris hearer clearly distinguished the noise of a bursting shell. Hundreds of women and children found refuge in the basement of the building.

Weather—Finally an icy rain set in, putting a stop to the air raids. Franco, who had counted on capturing the city before winter blocked the passes in the Guadarrama Mountains, continued to shell University City mercilessly, blowing up hospitals and laboratories worth millions of dollars.

Meanwhile, the Government commandeered 1,000 taxicabs and all available automobiles, and proceeded to escort

Wide World

People of Madrid watch the skies as . . .

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Loyalists prepare for last-ditch stand

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women, children and old men into Eastern Spain.

For the moment, Leftist troops faced the Rightists on three sides, but lacked the strength to close their trap. They persisted in their grim determination to defend the city street by street.

"They may reduce the city to ruins," the Defense Council announced, "but we'll defend those ruins to our last man."

STORMY FRANCE: Salengro, a Suicide, Is Martyr to Leftists, and Coward to Rightists

Roger Salengro, French Socialist Minister of the Interior under Premier Léon Blum, committed suicide last week. Immediately he became a martyr for the Popular Front, a convicted coward to Fascists.

The Right, outraged by the Government's reform program and its lethargy toward the "folded arms" strikes which wealthy industrialists considered a violation of property rights, had lit on Salengro as the most vulnerable Cabinet member. Accordingly, he became the victim of a vilifying campaign unknown in Anglo-Saxon countries, for France has no libel laws.

Last summer the weekly *Gringoire*, reviving charges which first appeared in a Lille red sheet before the days of the Popular Front, contended that Salengro deserted to Germany one October day in 1915 and was sentenced to death by a War Court. The entire Right press took up the campaign, and night-club entertainers composed foul ditties about "Cyclist" Salengro—he had used a bicycle to carry his lieutenant's dispatches behind the lines.

Salengro at first denied that he had been court-martialed, then explained that he had been tried and acquitted, because he had crawled over the top to rescue a wounded comrade, thereupon being captured by the Germans. His colonel and numerous privates supplied incriminating affidavits, all reflecting the writers' Fascist bitterness.

Records Destroyed—After an amnesty several years ago, documents in the trial had been destroyed. The record does prove that as a War prisoner in Germany Salengro rebelled at making munitions to kill Frenchmen, and organized a strike which brought him before a German court martial. For this offense he served two years' solitary confinement in Kottbus Prison.

A court of honor, composed of representatives of veterans' organizations and headed by Gen. Marie Gustave Gamelin, Chief of Staff, found Salengro not guilty. Deputies, debating the decision two weeks ago, launched a free-for-all fist fight on the Chamber floor when some one called the Premier a "dirty Jew." But after Blum's and Salengro's passionate defense, they upheld the Minister, 427 to 103.

Still the press campaign raged—"because," its victim pathetically told an interviewer, "that is how it is in France. When a man is in power his opponents use every lie and low method to ridicule him. . . . Now it is my turn."

Salengro went home to Lille, the industrial town where he had been a textile worker as a Socialist youth, a publicist, and for years the idolized Mayor. There, in the kitchen where his wife died of a heart attack last year, he turned on the gas.

While the Capital's official flags sank to half-staff, the Premier journeyed north. There, denying earlier stories that his colleague had died from heart trouble, he tearfully read a letter from the dead man. "I have fought valiantly for my part," it ran, "but I have come to the end. If they have not succeeded in dishonoring me, at least they will bear the responsibility for my death, for I am neither a deserter nor a traitor."

Sentiment—A letter to Salengro's brother revealed the sentimental side of the forty-six-year-old labor leader whose square jaw and thick speech had gained him the reputation of being hard-boiled. "Overwork and calumny have been too much," he wrote. "Together with grief, they have conquered me. Good-by to mama, to Jeanette, to thee and thine. I am rejoining Léonie."

Before returning to Paris, Blum warned angry Lille crowds it was not their duty to avenge the dead man. In the Capital, rioters hurled stones at the windows of *Le Figaro*, and before another Paris daily's office they shouted "Assassins!" Typesetters and distributers struck, preventing publication of *Gringoire*.

Salengro's death, which split further the ever-widening cleavage between Right and Left in France, threatened to embitter restless labor for months to come. Blum, anxiously stifling the popular demand for vengeance, hoped to pass his stringent anti-libel law, this week.

Meanwhile the press war continued. "They have killed Salengro, just as they killed Jaurès (Socialist leader assassinated early in the War)," Blum's *Populaire* proclaimed, "and as surely as if they had discharged two bullets . . . into his chest.

Cartoon in French newspaper

L'OBSESSION

KINGLY TO POOR: Edward Visits Unemployed in Wales; Says "Something Must Be Done"

As long as King Edward has his way, Britain can not forget her Forgotten Man.

Last week, traveling simply in a special car attached to the regular London express, he visited South Wales, the most derelict of all the "depressed" areas, and dramatized the plight of men who have been unemployed since the coal strike ten years ago, of boys who have never found a day's paid work in their lives.

Poverty—The island's boasted prosperity has not returned to the abandoned mines and silent steel-mills of South Wales, nor to West Cumberland, Durham and Tyneside. Unemployment there stands at nearly 30 per cent., two and a half times the national figure. Altho $25,000,000 worth of public money has been poured into the region during the past two years for public works, training schools and transfer of workers, the outlay has not been a drop in its bucket of distress.

The dole gives only about $5 a week to husband and wife, and allowances for minor children ranged from $2 down to 75 cents for youngsters under five. After the rent and heat are paid (coal thefts carry a $3.75 fine), most housewives find that half of their money must go for bread. A cheap joint graces the Sunday dinner; otherwise most of the poor eat no meat at all. After years of the dole, Welshmen shiver in threadbare blankets. Occasionally a family has not enough clothes to go around, and the one who goes out must borrow even his underwear from the others.

Royal Friend—Most Londoners live in comfortable ignorance of such poverty. But the King knows. If the ruler had not been born into the Royal Family, a Socialist M.P. said recently, he would have been a Laborite. That conviction accounts for the loyalty and affection his most distressed subjects showed him.

In village after slag-heaped village, they streamed from houses still blackened by long-disused chimneys. Tho they could not afford to buy a flag, they flew home-made Union Jacks from their doorways. At one experimental farm, the monarch passed under an arch festooned with leeks. "You can arrange to send some of those to London for me," he told the manager. "I am fond of leeks."

In his most winning mood, he questioned men and women on their lives. One man said his salary amounted to $7.50 a week. "It doesn't leave very much," the monarch commented sympathetically, and learned that the family often sat in the dark because they lacked the necessary weekly

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half-crown for light. He tickled babies under their chins, inspected homes, complimented a woman on her taste. Once he broke from the officially scheduled journey and drove to Dowlais, sometimes called the worst spot in Wales.

"Perhaps the most impressive incident of the whole tour," the New York *Times* man reported, "was the look of concern on Edward's face as he beheld for the first time the dismantled remnants of a once mighty iron and steel works."

Letter—At Cwmbran he received an open letter from the unemployed:

"We regret that your tour has been planned in such a way that the terrible effects of poverty will not be seen by Your Majesty. . . . Our women grow prematurely old and many are broken in the unequal fight against the consequences of unending penury. The bodies of our children are stunted and frail. . . . Will an impoverished people be able to joyfully celebrate Your Majesty's Coronation?"

Two Welsh Socialist M.P.'s, including Aneurin Bevan, a man bitterly proud of his deceased father, a miner, and his illiterate mother, refused to welcome the monarch because the Minister of Labor's presence lent the trip a Government character.

Rebels—Yet the King managed to kick over the official traces, particularly by giving a dinner for Malcolm Stewart, who resigned as Commissioner for the areas in protest against the Cabinet's do-nothing policy. His recommendations—preferential taxes to lure industries into the district, and more generous relief—inspired a fiery all-night debate in the Commons, during which many Tories deserted their party and joined the Opposition attack.

Time after time, Edward reiterated in clipped, commanding accents, "Something must be done." Peers and politicians who resent his "demagogic" interest in labor watched his trip nervously. Under the unwritten Constitution, he has no authority whatsoever to help the class most devoted to him: his influence derives only from his prestige.

Before his accession, Edward dutifully unlocked the doors of new hospitals, strolled through model tenements, and sliced ribbons across new bridges; he proved indocile only by insisting on riding horses too strong for him. Once on the throne, however, he evinced an amazing stubbornness reminiscent of his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. "Wally" [Mrs. Wallis Simpson], one observer phrased it, "has presented the English people with a King—a King of kingly dimensions."

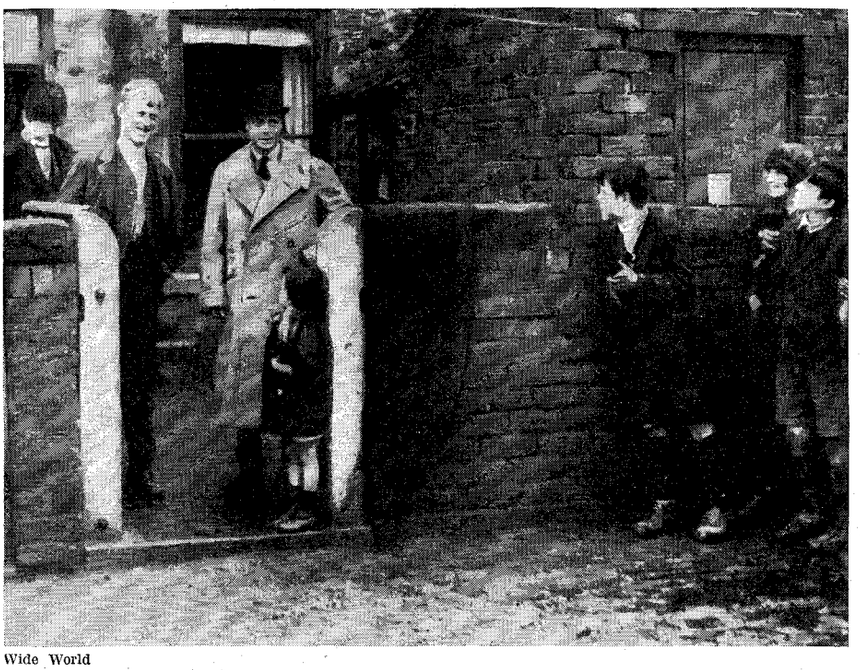
Comfort—Before he returned to London, Welsh miners received some comfort from his visit. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, revealed that the Cabinet had abandoned the hard-boiled attitude which caused Commissioner Stewart's resignation. "I promise," he said, "that when we have examined his recommendations we will bring in fresh legislation to enable us to carry out any of them which may seem to us likely to be useful." Yet he insisted that no one panacea could cure Wales.

During the week, the King's friend, Mrs. Simpson, remained in comparative retirement at Cumberland Terrace. Meanwhile it became known that the monarch's intentions were causing concern to the Mothers Union, an ultrarespectable, church-sponsored organization of half a million women who frown on divorce and pledge themselves to "unite in prayer and seek by their own example to lead their own families in purity and holiness." Last week, they solemnly considered what could be done about the King's example.

Press—Meanwhile, in Lancaster, Ohio (Fairfield County seat, 20,000 population, on the Hocking River thirty-two miles southeast of Columbus) the Editor of the *Eagle-Gazette* alone among American publicists swung over to the policy of silence which bars all discussion of Mrs. Simpson from the Empire press.

"The Editor of this paper has no wish to contribute to King Edward's embarrassment. . . . Barring an elopement, direct 'quote' of the question by Edward, or a Continental revolution, this newspaper will not burden readers with additional 'hearsay' on the question."

No hearsay was a biography, "Her Name was Wallis Warfield, or the Life Story of Mrs. Simpson," by two women, one a friend of the former Wallis Warfield. In New York they were tearing it from their typewriters page by page to be rushed into print for issue December 7 by publishers E. P. Dutton & Co., and sold, with a dozen illustrations, at $1.50 the copy.



Wide World

The King visits miners' homes in Wales . . . Britain will not forget her forgotten men

International

From an old album: Wallis Spencer when she did not dream of queenly honors

More completely than the oceans of publicity thus far have done, they were, under the joint pseudonym of Edwina H. Wilson, rounding out the story of the only American woman ever to come within gunshot of being a queen.

Skeletonized, here is the chronology of her life:

1896, date of her birth, to 1910: Childhood of any doll-fondling, rope-skipping American girl in Baltimore.

1910 to 1914: Four years at the private Arundel School overlooking Baltimore's Mount Vernon Place, the expense borne by Wallis's Uncle "Sol" Warfield, President of the Seaboard Air Line and Baltimore banker.

1914: Début in December, when, at eighteen, Wallis, with thirty-three other débutantes, was presented to Baltimore society at the Bachelors' Cotillion, where she danced with many, including another uncle, Major General Barnett, commander of the United States Marines.

1914-'16: A round of social festivities, luncheons, dinners and dances at country clubs, oyster-roasts at the shore, football games and dances at Annapolis, cotillions and week-end parties in Washington, Philadelphia, and in the country houses of friends near Baltimore.

1916: Autumn, Pensacola, Florida, at the home of Mrs. Henry Musteyn Wallis Warfield, met Lt. Earl Winfield Spencer, Jr., handsome naval aviator from Chicago, was engaged by September 16, married in Christ Church, Baltimore, November 8, honeymoon at White Sulphur Springs and Atlantic City. Pensacola through the winter, then, still a young bride, to San Diego, California, where her husband had been ordered, to help open a naval flying-school.

1920: At Coronado, H.M.S. *Renown* swung to anchor with the Prince of Wales,

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the Empire's best salesman, on board, finishing a good-will tour around the world. Like every one else, Wallis Spencer "saw" the Prince. He was pointed out to her while she and her husband stood arm in arm; but she was never, as Mrs. Spencer, to meet him. The Spencers were not among those invited to the ball on board the *Renown*.

1922: The Spencers' marriage went on the rocks. They separated.

1925: Wallis Spencer established legal residence at Warrenton, Virginia, and in July, 1927, filed complaint that Lieutenant Spencer had deserted her in June, 1922. Suit undefended, divorce was granted.

After two and a half years of seclusion in Virginia, Wallis Spencer, visiting a former Arundel School classmate now married, in New York, was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson, already on the point of divorce.

1928: With her aunt, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merryman, Wallis Spencer made a trip to Europe, in London met again and danced and dined with Ernest Simpson, now in the shipping business, and single. She returned to New York, sailed again alone, and on July 28, at a quiet wedding, became Mrs. Wallis Simpson. Her uncle "Sol" died, leaving her the income from a $15,000 trust fund.

1929 to 1935: The Simpsons prospered —trips to Paris, gowns from Schiaperelli, night-clubs, dinners, dances with the younger set about the Prince of Wales, among them Lord Furness, of another shipping family, and Thelma, Lady Furness, beautiful sister of Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. Lady Furness it was who presented the Simpsons to the Prince; and soon they were among the Prince's week-end guests at Fort Belvedere outside London, in the Royal Box at Covent Garden, at the Prince's dinners in fashionable London restaurants, with the Prince's party on the French Riviera.

1936: January 21, on the death of King George V, the Prince became Edward VIII, King. Four months later, May 27, at St. James's Palace, the King gave a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, present Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Aldrich Simpson. Tongues wagged more furiously. . . . August, the King's first vacation, on the yacht *Nahlin* in the Adriatic with other guests, but without her husband, Mrs. Ernest Simpson. After a flurry of photographic publicity the British press dropped Mrs. Simpson out of the news. . . . October 27, at Ipswich, Mrs. Simpson won an uncontested divorce. . . .

1937: . . . ?

MIRACLE IN TIBET: Long Search Reveals Baby as Reincarnated Dalai Lama

Nestling on the Roof of the World, Tibet, the mysterious Land of Lamas, is hemmed in by the cloud-tipping peaks of the Himalaya Mountains between India and China.

For centuries, Tibetans, said to number about 3,000,000, have been ruled by a supreme temporal head, the Dalai Lama. Being devout Buddhists, they believe their Priest-Emperor never dies, but that his soul or ego merely transfers itself into the body of a new-born child immediately upon his physical death.

Three years ago, their thirteenth Dalai Lama—Ahwan-lo-pu-tsang-to-pu-tah-chia-chai-wang-chu-chueh-le-lang-chieh — departed this life and climbed another stage toward *Nirvana*. Unhappily, he failed to conjure up the likeness of his successor in the sacred lake east of Lassa, his Capital, the "Forbidden City."

Soul-Searching — Perplexed, the *Kashag* (Government Council) exhorted Tibetans to search their souls for signs and symbols betokening the rebirth of the Supreme Pontiff in a new baby. Slowly, the alarm spread throughout the Land of Lamas, echoing through the deep, wind-lashed valleys and mountains whose elevation above sea-level averages 16,000 feet. Mothers racked their memory for signs that attended the births

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Ahwan-lo-pu-tsang-to-pu-tah-chia-chai-wang-chu-chueh-le-lang-chieh: Dalai Lama No. 13

of their infants—a withered tree suddenly come to life, a dying man miraculously healed or a mountain demon that raucously skulked away from the birthplace of the divine baby.

Last week, persistent reports swept the breadth and length of Tibet, joyously detailing the incarnation of the Dalai Lama in the humble village of Chun Kor Gyal. It told the gladsome tidings that the Regent at Lassa had seen the happy countenance of his mother, Kamatso, mirrored on the surface of the magic lake as she held the three-year-old divine child in her arms.

To that little known village, hundreds of hooded lamas, clad in maroon cloaks and yellow robes, journeyed on coolie-borne sedans or mule-back, while the official oracle concentrated on the signs of the reborn Lama as specified in Sanskrit tomes.

Miracle—Should reports prove true, then the infant-elect must have been born at the precise moment of the Dalai Lama's demise and miracles and signs must have attested to his holy birth. In case of doubt, however, other eligible infants must be produced to crawl over a carpet and race for the insignia of the dead ruler. The successful child is then declared Tibet's new Pontiff. Another possible procedure, according to Sir Charles Bell, former British Resident in Tibet, is to throw dice, or "by telling beads on a rosary, or by having a vision in the 'road of sleep'—*i.e.*, in a dream. The vision may show the house in which the parents live and the trees around it, the year of birth of one or both parents, or some other guiding sign."

Once thus elected, the child Dalai Lama is taken into the rock-built imposing Winter Palace-Monastery of Potala, where he is introduced into the mysteries of Lamaism until he attains the ripe age of eighteen, whereupon he becomes the supreme ruler of Tibet. Meantime, a Regent, chosen by the Dalai Lama before his death, rules the land with the aid of a Prime Minister and the *Kashag*.

Demon-Haunted—For years, Tibetans, who hold that every one of the country's numberless mountains is haunted by demons and spirits that must be placated with prayer and sacrifice, had whispered the superstition that the thirteenth Dalai Lama would not be reincarnated physically. In this they were supported by a large faction of the lamas, who are said to form one-third of the population. Before the death of the late Dalai Lama, who was number thirteen, they had foretold much trouble and decried his anti-Chinese, pro-British policy.

Strangely enough, their prophecy came true, for the room of the former "living Buddha" in Potala Palace is still sealed, while the Shigatse Palace of the Tashi or Panchen Lama, the spiritual head of Tibet and all Buddhists, is vacant, as the plump, flossy-mustached high priest is an exile in China.

Twelve years ago, the late Dalai Lama, who aided Britain's penetration of Tibet and dealt a blow to age-old Chinese suzerainty, expelled the Tashi Lama and assumed sole rulership from Lassa. More modern in outlook, he allowed several foreigners to visit the land and introduced a hydroelectric plant for his palace, a telephone service and a direct telegraph line to Calcutta.

In this he met the opposition of the diehard, China-loving lamas and incurred the enmity of Japan, Nanking and Russia, who vied with the British in courting the ruler of the buffer State.

Writers' Views—Referring to this international rivalry over Tibet, Harrison Forman, author of "Through Forbidden Tibet," says:

"Russia still places her borders around Mongolia (on her own maps). Russia actually rules therein; Japan looks greedily in its direction. But the Mongols themselves (as devoutly Buddhistic as the Tibetans) look to the Panchen Lama for spiritual guidance. Just suppose . . . that the Panchen Lama were to tell the Mongolians that the Japanese (Buddhists like themselves) were better fellows than the godless Russians or the heathen Chinese officialdom.

"Then not only would the Japanese be welcomed into Mongolia, but they also would be given free passage right on through Tibet and down to the Indian border. . . . Britain, of course, could never stand for that. And so Britain, like Russia, China and Japan, has been seeking the favor of the Panchen Lama, who has been preaching loyalty to China."

"The life of the country is incomplete without a Dalai Lama," the *Calcutta Statesman* asserts, "and Tibet will be happier and safer when a new one is installed in the Potala."

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SPLIT SYRIA: Christians and Moslems Battle Over Independence of Lebanon

Beirut, a babel of races, nationalities and religions, juts its triangular promontory out into the blue Mediterranean Sea. The seaport, Capital of the Republic of Lebanon, is almost as ancient as the snow-capped summit of Mt. Sunnin which overlooks it.

Freed from its Turkish overlords in 1918, it passed to French rule two years later, quickly regaining its place as an educational center and the arena of Syrian politics. As its trade revived, the French widened its old narrow streets and beautified its favorite public square, El Bourj, nerve-center of its motley Levantine population, professing at least twenty religious faiths.

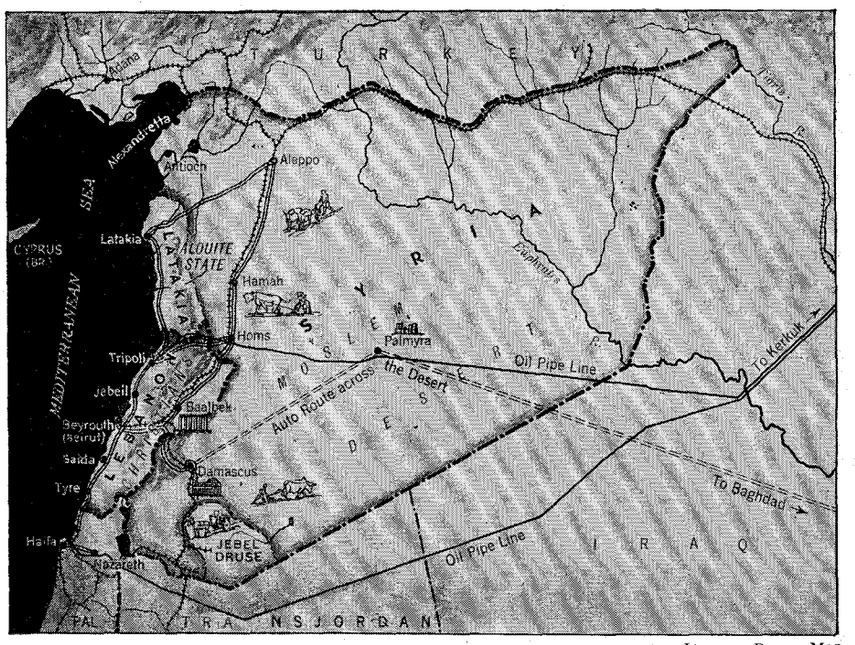
Clash—Last week, El Bourj, its face lifted and blessed with a lovely park, rang out with the harsh, guttural jargon of the otherwise gay, enterprising Syrians and Lebanese. They wrangled lustily over the age-old differences which had finally flared up into throat-slashings and a bloody free-for-all between Christians and Moslems, who agreed only on cursing France as the League of Nations' Mandatory Power.

Fighting started when the newspapers published cables from Paris that France had agreed to create an independent State of Lebanon after a three-year period. The clause in the Treaty with France, which cedes the ancient cities of Tripoli, Tyre and Sydon to the mountain Republic, infuriated Lebanese Moslems. Holding these cities were mostly inhabited by Moslems, they shot it out with their Christian countrymen, whom they accused of seeking supremacy by separating Lebanon from Syria, where Moslems form the majority.

Tho split into various sects—Sunnis, Shiahs, Druses, Khawaraj, Ismailis and Matawalis—Moslems realized that an independent Lebanon meant a Government run by the Christian majority, which is likewise split into equally jarring sects—Maronites, Latins, Melchites, Armenian Catholics, Greek Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Protestants. Joined with Syria, however, the Moslems could easily swing a majority of the combined population of about 3,000,000 Arabs, Alouites, Armenians, Assyrians and Turks that constitute the present French mandate of the State of Levant—the Syrian Republic, the Lebanese Republic, the Government of Latakia, Jebel Druse and the Sanjak of Alexandretta.

Religion—From time immemorial religion has bulked large in the lives of the people, leading to feuds, schisms and riots that made unity impossible. So ingrained is the religious issue in their minds that Syrians, entirely unaware of its origins, habitually employ the slang idiom, *Shoo deenoo?* (literally, "What is its religion?"), for the equivalent of: "What kind is it?" *Shoo deenoo?* a Syrian usually would ask when, for instance, proffered a new brand of cigarettes.

Pursuing them down the centuries, like a mirage, the issue of religion to-day again looms as a formidable barrier to a political singleness of purpose, despite the post-War momentum which the Pan-Arab movement gained from the "exploitation" by Great Britain and France of other Near Eastern States. Spurred by the struggle of Iraq and Egypt and their success in winning independence from Britain, Syrians' hearts went out for their "Arab brothers" in Palestine, whom they actively encouraged against Zionism and English bayonets.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Syria and Lebanon, scenes of bloody religious schisms, move toward independence

Independence—Last September, after almost seventeen years of growing discontent and intermittent unrest, boycotts and riots against its mandate Administration, France finally signed a Treaty with the Syrian Republic and granted it independence following a three-year transition period. The High Commissioner, it stipulated, is to be replaced with an Ambassador and French troops are to be located in specified areas, mostly to protect minorities.

Voicing the hope of Moslems and Arab patriots, President Mohammed Ali Abed of Syria, who makes his Capital at storied Damascus, at first asked that Lebanon be included in the future Syrian State, but finally instructed his spokesmen to accept separation in the face of opposition by Lebanese Christians. Likewise thwarting his efforts was the militant attitude of the recently formed White Banner (*Ash-Sharah al-Bayda*) or Christian Nationalist Party under Abbud Qumbaz, a bemedaled War veteran, whose platform voiced preference for the French Mandate to "that of Damascus."

France Accused—Other Moslem and Christian Pan-Arabists deprecated this split and imputed it to French machinations.

Lebanese Moslems, however, when faced with the reality of a sovereign Lebanon run by Christians, rallied around the Grand Mufti of Beirut, Mohammed Tewfik Khalid, and quickly elected him their supreme "spiritual and temporal leader" at the head of a Committee of Twelve. Aiming to block separation from Syria, they sent protests to the Quai d'Orsay (French Foreign Office) and founded a newspaper to interpret their stand. But other Lebanese Moslems disagreed with the Committee and intensified the discord by forming a Committee under Omar Bey Beihom, who petitioned Emile Edde, President of Lebanon, "to forbid religious persons . . . from mingling in politics."

Moslem-Christian dissensions notwithstanding, France pushed ahead its treaty pledges and continued its program of housing the 25,000 Iraq Assyrians in the northern Territory of Latakia under supervision of the League of Nations. Meanwhile, solidly supporting President Edde, Antoine Aridah, the white-bearded Maronite Patriarch of Lebanon, openly declared against agitation for union with Syria as Beirut and Damascus police continued their arrests of leaders of the Syrian Nationalist Party, a Fascist organization led by Antoun Sa'adah, who preaches a Syrian State that includes Palestine and the adjoining buffer State of Transjordan.

"Green Book"—Two years ago, departing from traditional Maronite friendship with France, the zealous Patriarch had militantly denounced High Commissioner Damien de Martel's Tobacco Monopoly which, he wrote in his "Green Book," was devised to fatten a French syndicate. Citing figures, the Patriarch's "Green Book" detailed Syrian grievances against French rule and demanded independence for both Syria and the Lebanon.

Writing in *Current History*, S. A. Mokarzel, Syrian Editor of the New York daily *Al-Hoda*, finds that "neither England nor France is responsible for the injection of the religious motive into the political and social life of the East, but both may be said to take advantage of a deep-rooted system which creates the problem of minorities and the resultant necessity for their protection."

CHINA AROUSED: Patriots' Cry for War With Japan Puts Generalissimo Chiang on Spot

"Fight Japan!"

Up the coast of China from Canton to Korea came the thunderous chorus last week: "We have given you money; we have given you planes. *Use* them."

At his seat of Government in Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek, a shrewd intriguer but a poor fighter, heard the cry, could not ignore it this time. Swiftly he went into—if not action, at least motion.

To a snow-covered field outside Taiyuan, ancient walled Capital of Shansi Province and nearest important city under his control to the Japanese-inspired, financed and

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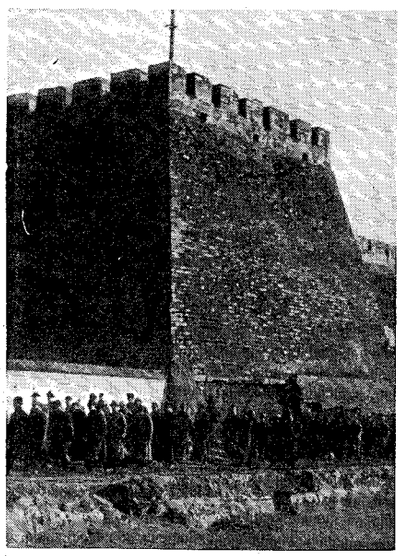
armed march of the Mongols in the neighboring Province of Suiyuan, Chiang flew in an army plane.

Past muffled and quilted sentries he clanked, shivering in the wind, into the *yamen* of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, provincial War-Lord and "Pacification Commissioner" of Shansi.

Yen Considers—There, all day long, he conferred, urging the Marshal to send at least a part of his men across the Great Wall 130 miles to the north to the aid of Suiyuan's War-Lord, Gen. Fu Tso-yi. He promised



Wide World

"Fight Japan!" . . . Chinese students rally

full support in money and arms from Nanking.

But Marshal Yen was not eager. He wanted to know how much, and how soon, and what if . . . ?

Over the wall, Yen knew, crafty Gen. Wang Yin, rival in Suiyuan to War-Lord Fu, had got a good price from the Japanese.

Noisy patriotism was all very well in the treaty ports. But back here in the hinterland, patriotism, if any, was purely local; and a wise War-Lord's business was to sit tight and collect taxes; or, if he fought at all, to make a good thing out of it.

Attack—Wang Yin, his allegiance sold to the highest bidder, had attacked the embattled Fu Tso-yi without waiting for the Mongol forces under Prince Teh Wang to come up.

"I repulsed them," wired General Fu. But his description of the battle sounded, to the initiated, as if he had "repulsed" in typical Chinese War-Lord fashion by seeking better positions in the rear.

Fu tries to pass the whole thing off as merely Japanese-instigated pressure, to influence the negotiations in Nanking, where Japanese Ambassador Shigeru Kawagoe has been trying since July to "persuade" the Central Government to give Japan a free hand in North Chinese trade, cotton-culture, mining and railroad construction.

But the Mongols, to whom the whole Sino-Japanese quarrel is merely a lucky break, take the arms, provisions and training given them by Japan as a heaven-sent opportunity to drive recently immigrated Chinese farmers out of lands that were once open to Mongol herdsmen.

Patriotism—Chiang, meanwhile, twists and turns like a trapped fox between the pressure put on him by Japan through the proxy of Teh Wang's Mongols and the furious prairie fire of Chinese patriotism blazing all along the coast.

The whole Chinese press is for once in accord, loud in demands for action, for war. Banks, guilds, labor organizations, newspapers, student unions. Government employees and thirty civilian organizations in Shanghai alone are raising defense funds, reporting that money is "streaming" into the war-chests.

Typical example of student fervor: At Yenching University, undergraduates turned off the heat for a week and fasted, to save money for soldiers. Something akin to the American war-time knitting fever is sweeping the country in campaigns to provide men in the field with "winter comforts." In Shanghai, following Italy's recent example, a movement is afoot to collect gold wedding-rings for war.

On the most distant ripple of the nationalist wave, slim, sloe-eyed Loh Tsei, veteran of many roughly handled student demonstrations at Peiping, landed in New York last week to raise funds among American Chinese "to help expel the Japanese from the mainland."

Chiang's Problem—Unless he shows fight, Chiang is in for trouble at home. If he can slow up or stop the Mongols, without coming to grips directly with Japan, he may emerge a greater hero than ever. But he is wise enough to know that an out-and-out war with Japan will, whatever it does to China, end his own power, for his War-Lords, loyal so long as he subsidizes them, are otherwise notoriously unreliable, jealous of him, jealous of one another, and eager above everything to consolidate and increase their own power.

Moreover, to the vast areas of illiterate Chinese between the coastal Provinces and the Suiyuan border, both the demands of Japan and the march of the Mongols are of as much indifference as if they were taking place on the moon.

Tokyo, last week, maintained an elaborate pretense that the Mongol campaign to oust Chinese farmers from former Mongol grazing-lands was pure coincidence, in no way related to the negotiations at Nanking. The reported alliance with Germany, head-lined in the world's press, the Japanese Foreign Office also denied.

Itagaki's Dream—But to Gen. Seishiro Itagaki, Chief of Staff of Japan's army in Manchukuo, the advance of the Mongol horsemen was no coincidence. Virtually independent of every one in Tokyo except the Emperor, and chafing because only on publication of an Imperial rescript could he move real, honest-to-Jerry, Japanese troops out of Manchukuo, Itagaki hovered over telegraph and telephone wires, moved pins on a map of Suiyuan, and grew gray hairs by the minute.

He had taken a grave risk when he and a few other officers started, unauthorized, the train of events which brought the puppet State of Manchukuo into being, had been ready to commit *hara-kiri* if it failed.

To complete his dream, he wants a wedge through Suiyuan between Manchukuo and Sovietized Outer Mongolia, where a gap, wide open to the big Siberian Soviet army, haunts him.

Will the Mongols fight well enough alone to plug the gap? Can he drag Japan in after him to reenforce the Mongols if they, alone, can not do the job? Or will the whole business, like a stumbling juggler's plates, clatter about his ears?

He has his *hara-kiri* blade always with him, razor-sharp.

FOREIGN FLASHES

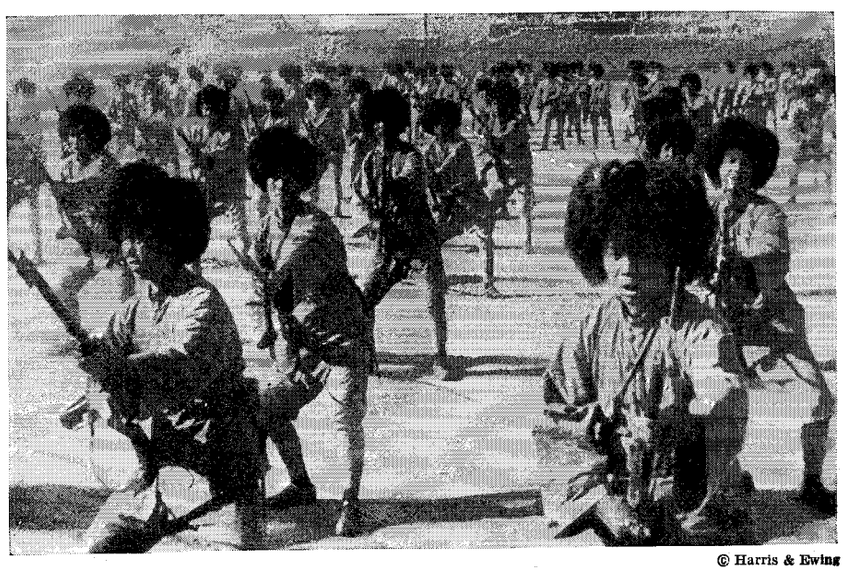
Johannesburg—The *Mai Mai*, native market compound here, is one of the few places in the world where a man may remove his trousers in the open air and saunter about while they are being patched. Patches are *le grand chic* with the native miners from the Reef. They hurry to the *Mai Mai* on pay-day and hire the squatting open-air tailors to sew patches on new trousers, the more patches the more style.

* * *

Basle—Subject of numberless gags, the Swiss fleet has, with the opening of Basle as a seaport, become half a reality. Two smart half-Swiss, ocean-going motor-ships, the *Berina* and the *Abula*, are operated by the N.V. Nederlandische-Switserche Sheepvaart (Dutch-Swiss Shipping Company) between Basle and London.

* * *

Stockholm—Last country estate reported bought by Greta Garbo is called *Härby Gärd*, is two hours drive from this city, near Lake Sillen, comprises 800 acres, ten rooms, ten horses, forty cows and a flock of sheep.



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Japan trains Mongols . . . "can they alone plug the gap?"

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MECHANISM OF THE BODY'S FILTERS

280 Miles of Tubules in Kidneys; Diseases Kill 81,000 Yearly

When doctors want especially to honor a colleague, they name a disease after him. So unusual is this honor that, of the thousands of known diseases, only 375 bear physicians' names.* Even saints have fared skimpily in this distribution of glory. Only twenty-five diseases bear the names of saints.**

Yet of all the doctor-named ills, the average person can usually recall only one, Bright's disease. Just 109 years ago, Richard Bright, a distinguished young English physician, won enduring fame by proving what everybody knows to-day: that the presence of albumin in the excretions of the kidneys is often a sign of serious kidney disease.

Increasing—Countless patients since then have heard with serious misgivings the verdict of albumin in the urine and, in many cases mistakenly, resigned themselves to semiinvalidism and death. From the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's industrious statistical bureau last week came startling figures. Kidney disease annually takes 81,000 lives in this country. Each week 1,558 fall victims. And kidney diseases are on the increase, like heart disease and cancer: all three are primarily maladies of maturity.

Far from being a sentence of death, however, Bright's disease, discovered early, can frequently be controlled. If the patient mends his ways, changes to a less strenuous life, he may well live to a ripe old age.

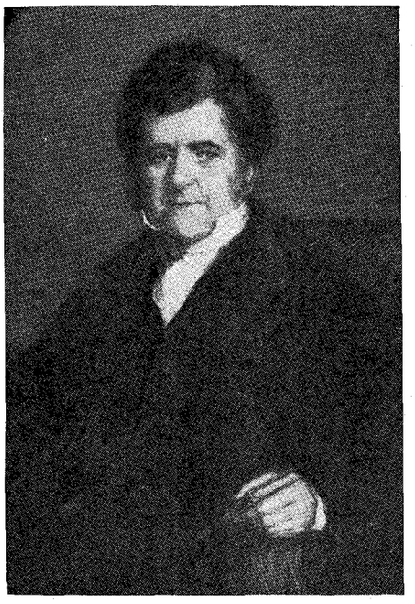
Functions—Quiet, steady servants of the body's needs, kidneys are one of the few organs nature considered important enough to double. The normal person has not twice, but nine times as much kidney tissue as he actually needs; the rest is spare material for emergencies. About one person in 1,800 is born with only one kidney. Usually he is unaware of it until X-ray examination discloses the situation.

The kidneys are the body's sieves. Their function is to remove from the blood the waste products of metabolism, without at the same time removing the valuable food substances, the blood-cells or too much of the water. Like sensitive valves, they maintain the alkalinity of the blood within narrow limits, keep the blood system's water pressure at its proper level, and hold the salt concentration at standard gage.

Structure—To accomplish this task, nature has contrived the most finely wrought system of filters conceivable. Each kidney is a bean-shaped mass of tissue about 4½ inches long and 2½ inches wide, weighing about 1/3 of a pound. At the concave area in the middle of the inner border, called the hilus, are connected the renal artery, vein, nerves and the ureter, which carries the eliminated matter away.

Slice a kidney in half, and three main areas are disclosed. The outer zone, called the cortex, contains the countless minute pin-point filters, the glomeruli. The middle zone, or medulla, is marked by innumerable stripings. These are microscopic tubules, connecting the glomeruli with a sac-like collecting chamber, the kidney pelvis. To this sac is connected the ureter, leading to the bladder.

All this fine-work of tissue becomes even more complicated when magnified. The tubules are seen to travel from glomeruli



Richard Bright: a disease bears his name

to pelvis through a series of loops, interwoven with blood-vessels. Each tubule is about two inches long. Medicos have estimated that each kidney contains 4,500,000 of them, equivalent to a channel 140 miles long; for both kidneys, a total tubule length of 280 miles.

Operation—The filtration plant itself is at the upper end of the tubule. Blood enters the kidney through the renal artery, which subdivides into millions of tiny vessels, one for each glomerulus. Within the tiny cup of this contrivance, it subdivides again, into several loops of tubing. Through this mesh the blood moves under high pressure, at the rate of about eighteen inches an hour. Water, urea, uric acid, salt and creatinin, the principal waste products of the blood, are squeezed out through the sides of the vessels into the cup-shaped capsule of the glomerulus. Along with these wastes are squeezed sugar, albumin and some blood cells: items that the body needs to retain.

But as this fluid moves down the tubules toward the kidney pelvis, part of it is reabsorbed. The healthy kidney pushes back into the blood the sugar and albumin, some of the salt, and most of the water, leaving only a highly concentrated solution of urea, uric acid, creatinin and some salt to travel into the kidney pelvis, and through the ureters to the bladder.

More than 600 quarts of blood flow through the kidneys every day. The glomeruli extract about 10 per cent. of it; some sixty quarts. The tubules put back all but about two quarts, which are finally eliminated.

Were it not for this continuous purification, poisons would rapidly accumulate in the blood; osmotic pressure balances would be upset, and the tissues would become filled with water. This is what happens in some kinds of kidney disease; it is known as dropsy.

Disease—Kidney disease usually begins with inflammation of the kidney tissue. So delicate and complex is it that inflammation does great damage. As a result, the tubules may be replaced by fibrous, scar-like tissue which has no serving power. This reduces the efficiency of the kidneys, may prevent the return of albumin to the blood by the tubules. Hence the albumin in urine—a telltale sign of possible kidney disease.

Doctors usually refer to Bright's disease and related kidney maladies by the more elegant term "nephritis," which means "inflammation of the kidney."

It may result from (1) invasion of the kidneys by bacteria; (2) bacterial poisons either manufactured by germs in the kidneys, or in other infected tissues, such as tonsils, and brought to the kidneys by the blood stream; (3) by poisons not of bacterial origin, such as metals; (4) by infections resulting from mechanical interference with the normal passage of urine, as by kidney stones; (5) by abnormalities of growth, especially cysts or tumors.

Symptoms—Like many another of the "degenerative" diseases, Bright's disease frequently begins without pain. The gentleman in the familiar advertisement, with his hand on a painful back, probably isn't suffering from kidney trouble at all. His trouble more likely is muscular rheumatism.

Many a sufferer from kidney disease first learns about it at a life insurance examination. Others are sent to the physician's office by vague discomfort; they are "out of sorts" or "off color," without knowing why. They may complain of unaccustomed listlessness, unexplainable fatigue, dull headaches, slight puffiness of the eyes, or a poor appetite.

When the signs are neglected, and the disease becomes more advanced, more pronounced symptoms appear, such as dizziness, nausea, vomiting, severe headache, shortness of breath, swelling of the feet and arms.

Medication—Treatment is limited to (1) finding out the cause of the inflammation, and if possible removing it, and (2) helping the injured kidneys to do their work more easily.

To the latter object the skilful physician addresses his knowledge of diet, usually cutting down on proteins, regulating the intake of fluids, measuring the consumption of salt. Dropsy occurs in some cases where too much common salt (sodium chlorid) is eaten; it can sometimes be abated by substituting another salt, such as ammonium chlorid, ammonium nitrate or potassium chlorid.

To help the kidneys do their work with less effort, the physician prescribes a diuretic—a substance that causes wastes to pass through the kidneys in added amounts. Water itself is an excellent diuretic; some persons after drinking a quart of water will eliminate within a short time a quart and a half of waste. Other common diuretics, which must be selected by the physician to suit the case, are concentrated glucose solutions, coffee, tea, mineral waters, beer. With these aids,

*A few of them: Vincent's angina (trench-mouth); Pott's disease (deformity of the spine); Argyll-Robertson pupil (eye disease); Addison's disease (darkening of the skin, progressive anemia, due to gland failure); Stoke's disease (exophthalmic goiter); Landry's disease (acute ascending paralysis).

**Among them are St. Vitus dance (chorea); St. Anthony's fire (ergotism); St. Agatha's disease (mammitis); St. Blasius' disease (quinsy); St. Valentine's disease (epilepsy); St. Job's disease (syphilis); St. Francis' disease (erysipelas).

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many a modern sufferer of Bright's disease is helped to a long and pleasant life; the more pleasant because modern physicians use tastier medicines than those of a century ago.

In those days, Doctor Pechey, an esteemed English doctor, decocted this prescription for kidney sufferers:

"Put washed worms into a curcurbit (flask) so well stoppered that nothing can exhale. Place it to digest either in seawater or in the heat of the sun, that the worms may ferment. The fermentation being over, the earthy part sinks to the bottom, and the skins swim on top, the spiritous liquor is in the middle.

"Separate this and distil it, and it will yield a spirit; this spirit is an excellent diuretic."

HARRIED GENIUSES:

Weather While They're A-Borning May Be Secret of Mental Powers

The National Academy of Sciences is the most exclusive scientific society in America. Its 300 members, elected by their fellows, pay $10 yearly dues for the privilege of helping the Government gratis with its scientific problems. Twice a year, they meet to discuss latest findings in scientific fields.

Last week, meeting in the impressive buildings of the Oriental Institute and Eckhart Hall of the University of Chicago, they heard the startling news that genius may be caused by the weather. Propounding the theory was Dr. William F. Peterson, of the University of Illinois.

Poring through "Who's Who in America," "Encyclopedia of American Biography," "Wer Ist's" and "American Men of Science," Doctor Peterson compiled data on 25,000 outstanding persons. These he compared with asylum and prison inmates.

Of no significance were their birth dates, but he attached great importance to their probable dates of conception.

His statistics indicated that those individuals who were conceived during the first half of the year are more likely to be exceptional mentally than the others; their numbers include more geniuses, also more mentally unbalanced.

Survey—Applying the rule to the thirty-one Presidents of the United States, he found that twenty-six, including Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt, were conceived during the first seven months of the year. Only five, including Taft, Coolidge and Hoover, were conceived during the "stable months," October, November and December.*

Wide World

Scientist at play: Arthur H. Compton

Neither the astrologer's configurations of the planets nor any other occult, mysterious influence is responsible, thinks Doctor Peterson; just the weather.

In the northern hemisphere, the first half of the year is the stormy period, affecting mothers and hence their unborn children during the earliest weeks when they are most susceptible. Conception in the relatively calm, stormless months of autumn should produce normal, quiet children, average in mind and body; in the spring months, geniuses and misfits, also individuals more than usually susceptible to mental disease.

Many another subject was discussed at the meeting. Among them:

Brain Thermostat: The body's temperature-regulating center, or at least one of them, was described by Dr. S. W. Ransom, of Northwestern University Medical School. It is the hypothalamus, a group of structures on the under side of the brain, and including the pea-size pituitary gland, probably the "boss gland" of the system.

Telescope "Nervous System": Tedious is the long, exacting task of keeping a telescope focused sharply on the dancing, magnified image of a star while its astronomical photograph is being taken. To spare astronomers, and at the same time produce sharper star photos, Drs. A. E. Whitford and G. E. Kron, of Washburn Observatory, University of Wisconsin, have harnessed the photoelectric cell to take the place of human eye and hand.

Ruling Machine: Another delicate machine, triumphant product of two generations of invention and research, is the ruling machine perfected by Dean Henry Gordon Gale, of the University of Chicago. It can carve as many as 270,000 parallel grooves to the inch in a strip of optical glass or speculum metal. Were these lines thick as ordinary hairs, the band would be more than ten inches wide.

Wheeling Universe: Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel prize-winner of the University of Chicago, turned a "cosmic ray telescope" into the heavens, and was able to detect and measure the theoretical rotation of the dishpan-shaped galaxy, or universe, of which the earth, sun and Milky Way are a part.

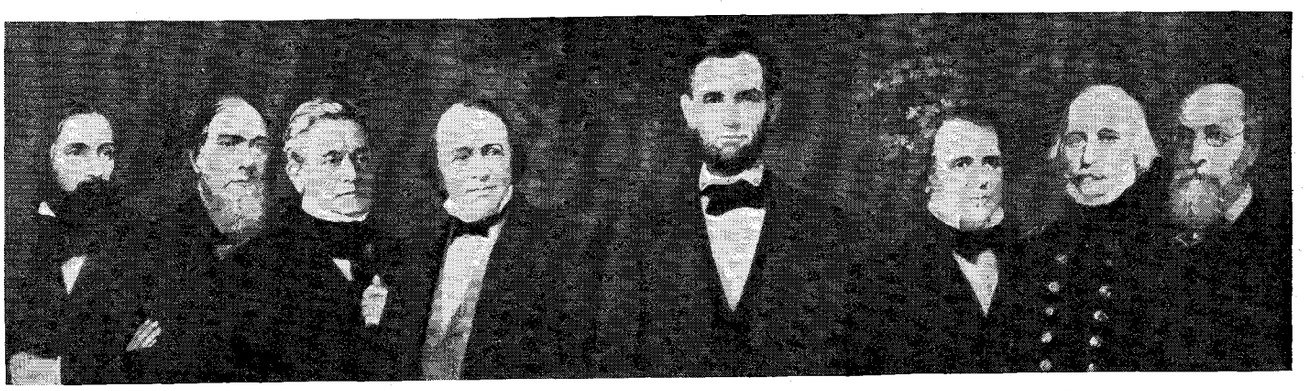
Cosmic rays originate somewhere outside this galaxy, come pouring in on us from all directions like gusty, wind-blown rain. In this electrical drizzle, a galaxy's dizzy whirl makes the rays seem to come faster from the direction of motion. Clocking the rays with his "telescope," a device that sorts them according to direction, Doctor Compton decided that the earth and sun are traveling this cosmic merry-go-round at the rate of 186 miles a second; a thousandth of the speed of light.

Government Scientific Aid: The National Academy was founded in war-bedeviled America in 1863, by an Act of Congress signed by President Lincoln. Some of the country's foremost scientists, including Joseph Henry, famous for his electromagnetic research, and Louis Agassiz, the naturalist, were among the first members. The original charter provided that members should, "whenever called upon by any Department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment and report upon any subject of science or art."

Later, the Academy was permitted to hold trust funds, own property. Through bequests and gifts, notably from Andrew Carnegie, the total endowment is now nearly $4,000,000.

The Academy has its own building in Washington, supports the National Re-

*"Conception months" of the Presidents: January—John Adams, Hayes, Arthur, Theodore Roosevelt. February—Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Garfield, Harding. March—Van Buren, Johnson, Wilson. April—Fillmore, McKinley, Franklin Roosevelt. May—Washington, William Henry Harrison, Lincoln. June—Madison, Jackson, Tyler, Cleveland. July—Jefferson, Monroe, Buchanan, Grant. August—None. September—None. October—J. Q. Adams, Coolidge. November—Benjamin Harrison, Hoover. December—Taft.



Founded in 1863: President Lincoln and some of the original members of the National Academy of Science

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search Council (established during the World War) and still responds to government calls without compensation.

Through the years, Congress has made some unusual and interesting demands. In 1871, the Academy was asked to time the transit of the planet Venus across the sun's face; a method of measuring the distance of the earth from the sun.

Other Academy studies aided in the restoration of the original Declaration of Independence, in the formulation of a national forest policy, and the construction of the Panama Canal.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Paper—Prof. Clarence E. Libby, of the New York State College of Forestry, has figured out that a single issue of a big city daily uses more paper than was made in the entire United States in 1800; a Sunday edition requires the product of 240 acres of pulp-wood; yet newsprint uses only 4 per cent. of the wood annually harvested in North America.

* * *

Art Explained—Modern artists make that kind of paintings because of bad eyesight, reported Dr. Lloyd Mills, of Los Angeles, recently in the *Archives of Ophthalmology*. Short-sightedness, he thinks, accounts for the work of Cézanne, Renoir, Gordon Craig and George Grosz, the cubist. Pissaro had abscesses of the eye; Van Gogh and Gaugin suffered from mental disease.

* * *

Plowed Under—A telephone wire that can be buried underground in rural circuits has been developed by the Bell Telephone Laboratories. A special plow digs the trench, "plants" the wire, covers it up. A bad-tasting rubber coating protects the wire from rodents.

* * *

Long-Distance Stethoscope—To study action of aviators' hearts at various altitudes, Russian medicos have developed a stethoscope attached to a short-wave radio. The aviator flies high. The doctor stays warm and snug on the ground, listening in on the heart-beat in comfort.

* * *

Telephone Roll-call—More than 34,000,000 telephones are in use throughout the world, the British Postmaster General recently estimated. London has 1,000,000; Great Britain 2,700,000. The United States has 17,424,000, of which 1,506,100 are in New York City.

* * *

Glass Teeth—Dr. Frank Lott, of Toronto, Canada, advocates glass as a base for false teeth. Advantages: more natural and more permanent color. Disadvantage: it breaks when dropped. But this, Doctor Lott thinks, can be overcome by using shatter-proof glass.

* * *

Engine in Knapsack—A one-horse-power gasoline engine, strapped to the back like a knapsack, is helping German farm-hands. A flexible drive-shaft operates cultivators and hedge-cutters, enabling one man to do the work of four.

* * *

Ancient Usurers—An Egyptian promissory note dating from 109 B.C. reveals that there were real loan sharks in those days. Their interest charge: 100 per cent., with no extensions of time.

Nature

BUSY BEES: Their Complex Existence Requires Extraordinary Energy and Efficient Organization

Consider the case of the rheumatic gentleman who infuriated a colony of honey-bees. He learned, speedily, the futility of trying to outrace insects which can fly at a speed of sixty miles an hour—eighty when they really take their flying seriously.

Nursing his stings, the victim was startled to discover, as the painful swellings subsided, that his rheumatic twinges vanished with them. Had the poison in the bee stings cured his rheumatism? Doctors investigated, decided that the virus had

Courtesy American Museum of Natural History

Swarming bees ready for a new hive

therapeutic properties, and the bee-sting market has been booming ever since for Foster A. Lockhart, the bee man of Lake George, New York. He receives $25 a thousand for bee stings which are ground into a rheumatism remedy.

Lockhart—Out of Mr. Lockhart's apiary in the foothills of New York's Adirondacks came the queen bees which, mailed to Australia, populated a continent where the species was previously unknown, made possible the cultivation of red clover which requires bees for pollination. For fifty years Mr. Lockhart has lived with bees, worked with them, studied them; his bees have gone out to start colonies of their own in China, Japan, New Zealand, to the farthest corners of the seven seas. All but incredible to the layman are the believe-it-or-not stories Mr. Lockhart tells concerning *apis mellifica*, the honey-bee, the only insect which produces food for man. He insists that bees dance for joy, moan in sorrow, sing for happiness. He speaks of racketeering bees who knew all about hijacking centuries before the Children of Israel sought a land of milk and honey. The bee is a perfect communist, the marvelously organized community of the hive administered by bee policemen, laborers, chemists, heating-plant engineers, air-conditioning experts, undertakers, nursemaids, structural engineers.

Fair—This week the results of the labors of the bee were on display at San Antonio, Texas, where the International Honey Institute held its annual fair. Hive manufacturers, honey-refiners, distributors and others sampled Texas hospitality and exchanged notes.

American beehives, they could tell visitors, produce some $12,000,000 annually for their owners, average income per hive being $3 to $5. Honey is the principal product, then beeswax. Rental of bees to fruit-growers is a comparatively new industry. Orchard yields have increased tenfold in some instances when bees are present at blossom time to cross-pollinate the trees. One-tenth of the bee population of New York State does this job exclusively, bringing their owners a season rental of $4 per hive.

Medicine—Mr. Lockhart ships his bee stings to Boericke & Runyon, manufacturing pharmacists in New York City. The bees arrive live and buzzing in the hive. Boericke & Runyon transfer them to bottles, a few at a time, annoy them, get them thoroughly angry to fill the poison sac of the stinger with virus. Then the tiny, barbed, needle-like sting is removed, the small poison sac separated. To one ounce of sugar of milk, 160 poison sacs are added, ground into a trituration which is taken by mouth to alleviate rheumatism twinges.

Boericke & Runyon also manufacture remedies from such horrendous creatures as *cimex lectularius*, the bedbug; *mephites*, the skunk; the civet cat; the three-inch and extraordinarily ugly Oriental cockroach; *crotalus atrox*, the Texas rattlesnake whose venom yields *crotalin*, used in modifying epileptic spasms.

Stings—Mr. Lockhart has 8,500,000 bees in his hives (bee censuses are taken by weight, 5,000 insects to the pound). They consume two tons of honey each year. Rarely do they sting their masters; if they do they are just wasting their time, for 10,000 stings have given Mr. Lockhart virtual immunity. Bee stings are not lightly to be laughed off by ordinary folk, however. Cases are on record in which bee stings have brought death to human beings. It is calculated that 500 bee stings equal the venom of a rattler's fangs. Some bees are more likely to sting than others, depending on their racial heritage.

Of the 5,000 existing races of bees (bees always have four wings and thus can easily be distinguished from two-winged flies) there are fourteen species of honey-bees, each with its human parallels in quirks of disposition. Austrian bees are gentle, impervious to insult; Italian bees are more testy-tempered.

Traveling—Worker bees bring $15 a pound. Queen bees are sold as individuals, bringing from $1 to $25 each, on rare occasions as much as $200. Beekeepers in the United States ship from 15,000 to 75,000 bees through the mails annually. Queen bees are mailed in two-room and kitchenette apartments contained in a piece of wood four inches long, an inch deep and an inch wide.

Three circular connecting rooms are bored in the wood as living-quarters for the queen and the retinue of fifteen worker attendants who must accompany her to

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feed and take care of the aristocrat. The kitchenette contains a slab of cream candy mixed with honey. Another room is a living-compartment; the third room has holes punched in the walls for ventilation should the living-room become too stuffy. This housekeeping arrangement carries the queen and her retinue in complete comfort on journeys of 6,000 miles or longer.

Honey—Did you waste a single drop of honey on your breakfast pancakes this morning? Then you set at naught the labor of 3,000 bees who made tedious trips to a clover blossom to get that precious drop. To make a single teacupful of honey, 8,500,000 bee-line trips to nectar-bearing flowers must be made.

Short-lived, the bee never lives to eat the honey it gathers. It consumes honey stored by a preceding generation; its own honey is bequeathed to generations yet to come—or to invading man.

The Queen—A beehive is a perfect matriarchy, the queen bee laying claim to the title of the greatest mother in the world. Every one of the 50,000 inhabitants of the hive is her offspring. The queen is the only perfectly developed female in the hive. The workers are partially developed females. Truly regal, the queen deigns not even to feed herself; that is the task of a dozen worker attendants who swarm about her, taking care of every want. The queen's life is an incessant round of egg-laying; on her fecundity depends the life, safety and happiness of the hive. The worker bee lives but six weeks in the busy summer-time, the queen from three to five years, during which she lays 1,500,000 eggs.

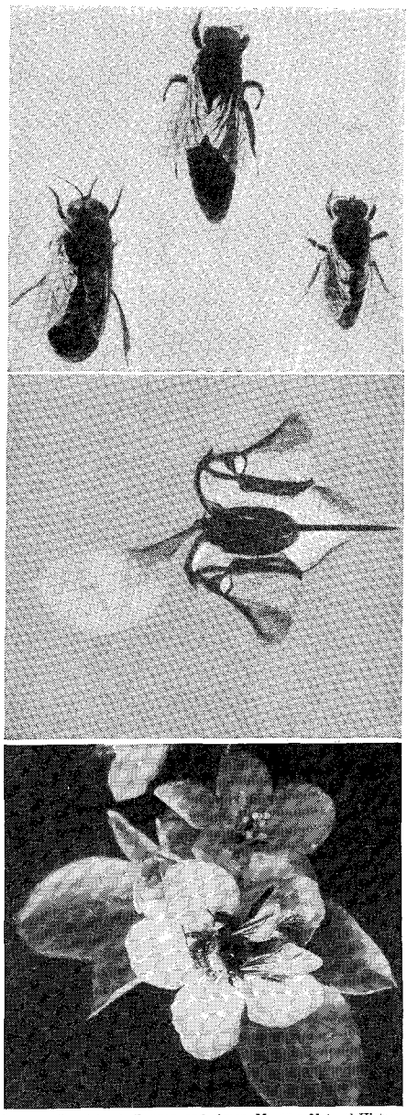
Worker bees in the average hive die at the rate of 1,000 a day; 2,000 new ones hatch daily. From May to September, the active period of the hive, the queen lays 2,000 eggs every twenty-four hours, eats three times her own weight in food daily. Her attendants range around her in a circle, all facing the queen as dictated by court custom, leading her respectfully over the honeycomb cells which have been prepared to receive the eggs which will hatch into workers, drones or queens.

Wax—Into small hexagonal wax cells the queen deposits eggs which will develop into worker bees (partially developed females). Into slightly larger hexagonal cells go the eggs which will become drones (males). Yet a third type of cell is prepared for the incubation of queens; it is circular rather than hexagonal. The cells are made from beeswax, secreted in paired pockets on the under-side of the last four segments visible on the abdomen of the bee. Secreted wax hardens as it comes in contact with air, is used to form the marvelously precise hexagons of the comb which bee engineers ages ago developed as the strongest and least space-consuming structure known to geometricians.

Beeswax, widely used in arts and industries, is little produced by American hive-keepers. Bees consume ten pounds of honey to manufacture a pound of wax. Consequently, beekeepers strain out the honey and return the comb to the hive for refilling. The United States imports 700,000 pounds of beeswax annually—mostly from Brazil, Portugal, Chile, Cuba, Egypt, the Dominican Republic, Uruguay and Ethiopia.

Police—Crime waves in the bee world require an efficient police organization within the hive. Fifteen to twenty bee policemen stand guard at the entrance to the hive. A stranger without the hive door, seeking entrance, is turned away or stung to death. Slyly human, the bee traffic officers make one exception: if the stranger comes bearing a gift of honey, he is permitted to enter and leave unmolested—but retribution is swift if he tries to carry honey out of the hive.

G men of the hives have their troubles with "Baby Face" bumbles who lead bee



Courtesy Boericke & Runyon and Amer. Museum Natural History

Bees and business: Drone, Queen and worker (top) cooperate to supply stings (center) for medicine and produce honey

hijackers and racketeers on ruthless forays. A hive of 50,000 bees which have little honey will attack a colony of 20,000 bees, kill the queen bee, force the provident but vanquished workers to carry their own honey to the predatory hive, and then drive the victims out to starve to death. A bee without a hive of its own is a man without a country, barred from other hives by a strict immigration barrier, forced to wander homelessly until it dies.

Air-Conditioning—Stationed near the bee police at the hive entrance is a special squad of air-conditioning engineers. These insect specialists flap their wings, create air currents which ventilate the hive, speed the evaporation of water from honey in the storage-cells (honey is 70 per cent. water when first deposited in the comb). In the winter Mr. Lockhart stores his hives in a cellar. When it gets too cold the bees can raise the temperature twenty degrees in ten minutes by fanning their wings. Bee undertakers carry the bodies of deceased brothers out of the hive every morning.

Swarming—During the swarming season bees reveal most amazingly the intricate functioning of instinct. New queens have been developed in their circular cells. Quality of food determines whether an egg shall become a queen or a worker bee. Queens are fed bee-jelly *(propolis)* by their nursemaids, workers receive bee-bread, which is largely pollen scraped from the hairy legs of worker bees. The old queen departs with her retinue, leaves the hive to the newly hatched queen.

The virgin queen prowls around looking for the cells of unhatched queens. If the colony is large enough to permit swarming, guards prevent the virgin queen from attacking her sisters who are on the point of hatching. If the hive population is small, swarming inadvisable, the newly hatched queens battle to the death, the fittest remaining to take charge of the hive as ruthless dictator.

When the hive is large enough to swarm, bees leave the colony in clouds to follow their new queen. They gather in great clusters, clinging to one another's bodies, on tree limbs, fence posts, almost any near-by object, and the alert beekeeper must have a new hive ready to entice them into.

Mating—Installed in her new home with her 25,000 followers, the new queen departs, one bright summer afternoon, on her mating journey. She is followed by the male bees, the drones, who do no work, store no honey, whose sole purpose is to fertilize the queen. Higher and higher she flies, thousands of the drones dropping behind, until at last only the strongest remains. He fertilizes the queen, and dies; his fellow drones, their usefulness ended, are barred from the hive and also die. The queen returns to the hive, entering upon her incessant, single-minded function of egg-laying.

"If the queen bee fails to come back from her mating flight by sundown, the whole hive sets up a wail of wo," says Mr. Lockhart. "It is a piteously mournful monotone holding all the misery of life that has been doomed to premature death. Without the queen there can be no continuation of life in the hive."

But if the beekeeper provides a queen from another hive, the stricken workers escort her in with what Mr. Lockhart is convinced is an insect roar of joy.

"I have seen bees dance, I have heard them sing, I have listened to their moaning," says Mr. Lockhart.

Bees' Eyes—The impression that bees are attracted to flowers brightest to human eyes has recently been proved erroneous by experimenters of the American Museum of Natural History. They have learned that bees and other insects see colors beyond the ultraviolet end of the spectrum. Ultraviolet, to the human eye, is black, the absence of light. When photographed through ultraviolet filters, certain flowers reveal patterns very different from the colors seen by the human retina. It is these ultraviolet flower patterns which science now believes attract insects to their gifts of nectar.

Each day the worker bee makes from six to eight trips to nectar-bearing flowers, never sleeping, never ceasing to work. Hence "busy as a bee."

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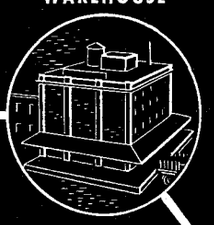
HEADQUARTERS

WAREHOUSE



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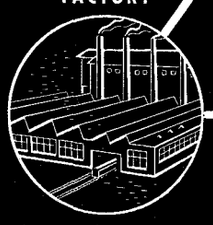

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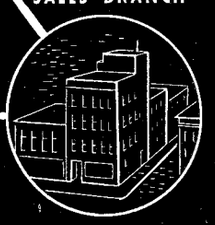

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Although it's new, conference telephone service of this type is already in use in many different ways. Old friends in separate towns get together for reunions. Families separated by travel, school or vacation use it to keep every one in personal touch. Executives use it regularly to supervise out-of-town units and field representatives . . . stimulate action and enthusiasm . . . expedite decisions and agreements.

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FANTASTIC PROMOTION FOR TWO FILMS

But for "Winterset" and "Flying Hostess," It's Like Lily-Painting

Last April, acting not at all in concert, the drama critics of New York voted "Winterset" the best American play of the season, and a transcontinental plane, arrowing through the mist of an early spring morning, plowed itself to pieces against the hard rock sides of a Pennsylvania hill.

From the award, Maxwell Anderson, author, drew a silver plaque. From the airplane accident there rose a heroine, Nellie Granger, air hostess.

When the giant transport plane split itself open against the hillside, eleven persons died instantly. One, hostess Granger,

Edward Ellis, Maurice Moscovitch and Burgess Meredith in a scene from "Winterset"

was pitched out through a fissure in the jagged metal hull, found herself stunned and terrified at the base of a scrub tree. She roused herself, ran four miles through snow and mud for help and refused to accept aid until rescue parties had been led back to the wreckage.

The incidents were not related, but from them Hollywood drew two motion-pictures which, last week in New York, caused the press departments of RKO and Universal pictures to larrup their imaginations into high gear.

Promotion—Ever alert for a promotion stunt which would insure success for a picture, cost what it might, even Hollywood blinked when salaried thinkers for RKO and Universal went to work.

Long sweaty huddles preceded the stunts, bushels of cash flowed through the cashiers' wickets.

It is still problematical how much the stunts will affect success of the two films; each was good enough to stand on its own and probably would have been profitable, anyway.

"Winterset," bought by RKO, was an immediate sales problem. Anderson had written a poetic treatment of a modern melodrama.

He postulated the case of a son of an innocent man executed for murder during robbery. Obviously, the original thought rose out of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In fervid, poetic terms he traced the boy's quest for truth and vengeance, brought the attempt to hollow victory under the brooding arches of a New York bridge. There the boy, truth at last in his possession, was shot to death by the guilty man for whom the father had died.

The melodrama didn't concern RKO, it had toyed profitably with melodrama many times before. But the poetic content of the play was a major fret. It was not sure that the 80,000,000 who go to the cinema would swallow murder and vengeance wrapped in the clear cellophane of expressive, crystal poetry.

There was another irritant: no Hollywood actors could be found ready-equipped to deliver the fine-spun Anderson poetry. The American dramatic poet had written with words of gold, Hollywood actors were used to handling lead or, at the most, silver. Sometimes even pig-iron.

The original New York stage cast was, therefore, employed to repeat for the camera its stage perfections.

Future Hamlet—One was Burgess Meredith, whom drama critics have long called "the Hamlet of 1940." He was a zero quantity to film audiences aware only of such names as Gable, Cooper, Taylor, Flynn and like fetches.

Margo, young, spiritual actress, had been in two pictures, neither calculated to make her name a response-goader in audience minds. The others were utterly alien to the films.

It was realized that a mighty effort had to be made to put "Winterset" across. The mighty effort spilled across twenty-four hours in New York last Tuesday, part of Wednesday. Thirty-seven specially selected motion-picture critics were brought to Manhattan from as many cities, all expenses paid.

Another dozen New York critics swelled the party.

They were handsomely hoteled and a printed program was furnished to each. At 3:30 p.m. there was a preview of "Winterset" in the Music Hall. At 5 o'clock there was a cocktail party, at 6:30 a dinner, each critic was free to see any stage play he wished, at midnight there was a night-club party.

When the bills—plane, train, hotel, food and drink—were totaled, RKO wrote checks for $20,000.

No RKO press-agent asked any critic what he thought after seeing the picture, none was asked to print anything. There were no suggestions of any kind.

Happily for the stunt, the picture is excellent, keeps the spirit of Anderson's writing, is in every way a worthy cinema successor to the stage version. Critics from Coast to Coast no doubt will begin telling their readers about it this week. It remains a majestic story majestically told and played.

The New York cast, most of them unused to the ways of the camera, gave performances comparable to those they created for the theater in New York.

If the motion-picture-going mass is ready for fine motion-pictures, it will rejoice in "Winterset."

Universal, soon after the Pennsylvania plane crash, capitalized on the Granger front-page publicity. It ordered a story telling of the heroism of air-hostesses. George Sayre wrote one, Brown Holmes, Harvey Gates and Harry Clork made it into a scenario.

It was called, plainly enough, "Flying Hostess."

Production delays put Universal in a trying position. Paramount, advantaging itself of the vogue for air stories, made and released "13 Hours by Air," a transcontinental plane melodrama. The hostess angle was ignored, pilots drew the hero bays. RKO followed with "Without Orders," in which hostesses and pilots were heroic to a draw. "Flying Hostess" gave all the best of it to the hostesses, therefore had an edge

"Flying Hostess" hits the high spots with Judith Barrett and William Hall

on the other two, altho coming on late release.

Marc Lachmann, Universal's nimble West Coast exploiter, made a tie-up with TWA.

Fire-proof film was used, a set of reels was flown East in Lachmann's care.

Twelve film critics were invited to preview the picture in the air. They were put into a bus at Universal's offices in Rockefeller Center, sped to the air-port at Newark, New Jersey. There they were tucked into a TWA transport plane, shot into the skies.

Aloft, a smiling, beautiful hostess fed them a hot lunch, cleared away the dishes and effaced herself.

Flight—A small white screen dropped forward in the cabin, lights went out and a projectionist started screening "Flying Hostess" a good 7,000 feet up. Below lay metropolitan New York, gleaming in winter sunlight.

When the picture ended, the plane returned to Newark, landed. The critics were returned to New York.

"Flying Hostess," is a competent, exciting tribute to the valor of the girls who quiet air passengers, treat their ills, serve meals to them. Judith Barrett, Universal's new star hope, is pretty and admirable in

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"Don't worry about me—it's just a Cold"

Just a cold now—but it may lead to influenza or pneumonia which, on an average, cause 125,000 deaths each year in the United States. About half of these deaths occur in December, January, February and March.

THE common cold is bad enough in itself. But the real danger is that it may blaze the trail for more serious diseases or reduce your resistance to their attacks.

Before you realize it, what you think is just a "cold" may develop into influenza or even pneumonia. Don't forget that pneumonia may also start suddenly, even without a cold.

The first symptoms of pneumonia are usually chilliness or a severe chill, pain in the chest or side, headache, cough, and fever. Such symptoms mean that not a second should be lost. Go to bed and send for your doctor. Remember that pneumonia is a communicable disease. Proper nursing, complete rest and reasonable isolation are absolutely essential.

Lobar pneumonia is caused by many different types of the pneumonia germ—but each type is specific and can be identified. Should anyone in your family have pneumonia, your doctor will probably arrange for an immediate laboratory examination of the sputum to determine which type of pneumonia is present.

Serums are available which are highly effective in treating certain of the types. Not all cases of pneumonia should have serum treatment. Your doctor will decide.

Pneumonia is a serious infection, but with the increasing defenses, medical scientists hope to reduce its heavy toll. During the next four months it will do the most damage to those who are not on guard. If your physical resistance is lowered by overwork or unusual fatigue, too little sleep, overindulgence in food or drink, or exposure to cold and wet, pneumonia germs may gain quick headway.

At this time of the year it is a wise precaution to have your doctor look you over very carefully to see whether or not you have diseased tonsils, sinuses, adenoids, teeth or other physical impairments which may lower resistance.

You will be much safer during the coming winter months if you keep your vitality high.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," which contains valuable information about the prevention and care of these diseases. Address Booklet Department 1236-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

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the title rôle. The picture would have pleased critics who didn't go into the air to see it, will please audiences.

Stunts never have made a bad picture a success, seldom do for a good picture more than it can do for itself.

LAST STRAD: "Baillot" Instrument Turns Up; Will More Be Found?

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS
FACIEBAT ANNO 1737

Antonio Stradivari's* hand shook as he inked a blurry 3 and a neater 7 after his printed label's 17—. Nonagenarian *maestro* of viol-making, the ascetic Cremonese genius strove to record his pride of craftsmanship at the age of ninety-three. His faltering pen went on to scrawl *d'anni 93* at the bottom of the label.

However, his eyes being dimmed by eighty years of toil at his beloved calling and his hand lacking sureness, the inscription ran down-hill. Part of the 3 ran onto the curly maple of the violin's back.

Unwilling to waste even one label, Messer Antonio called over his loyal son, Omobono, who wrote *d'anni 93* on a separate piece of paper. Then, Signor Stradivari cut his *addendum* into a small oblong and glued it onto the label over his own feeble effort. The violin's spruce top was glued onto the sides of maple and the instrument placed in vise-like clamps to set until the glue dried. Varnishing would come later.

Flaws—Through a palsied *f*-hole betraying his trembling hands, MesserAntonio peered with failing eyes on his signature. Little did he think that 10,000 "Stradivarius" labels would be faked for every one of his genuine 1,116 trade-marks.

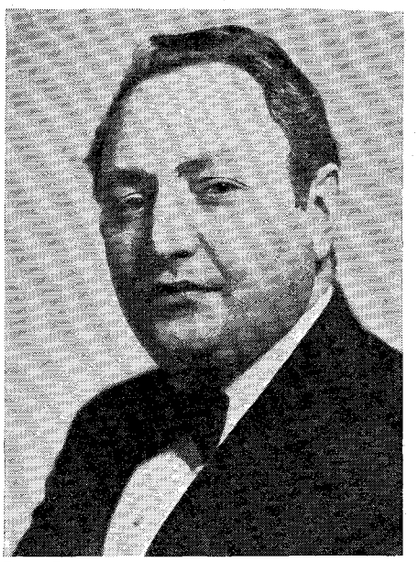
Experts studying Stradivarius violins made in the grand old man's nineties have found that his hand trembled so much in cutting grooves for the purfling around the outer edges that the knife played havoc in all directions. Sand-paper marks show striations and corners are ponderously blunt and of a squarish appearance when compared with violins of Stradivari's golden age, the decade beginning in 1710. His old and enfeebled, tho practised, hand was modeling heavily. Varnishing shows a certain heavy-handedness and is wanting in softness, texture and that perfect transparency and richness of color that characterize earlier instruments.

Player—A lens brings out muddied and streaky lines showing all too plainly that the old man's sight failed him in mixing ingredients. Only experts can see such picayunish imperfections. No one who tunes in on the National Broadcasting Company's Sunday evening concert on November 29 by the General Motors Symphony Orchestra will be able to detect any flaws in the tone of a nonagenarian Stradivarius played by Mishel Piastro, concert-master of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

Piastro's talented bow will draw golden tones from a Stradivarius which had been buried in a tin box in a Rio de Janeiro back yard since 1920. It belonged to Enrico Marques-Valle, wealthy music patron. In his will, *Senhor* Marques-Valle instructed his wife to give Danill Karpilowsky, who had been studying at the Rio de Janeiro Conservatory of Music, first opportunity to buy his treasured Strad.

Karpilowsky, violinist in the Guarneri Quartet, went to Rio from Holland. On arriving in the Brazilian Capital, he ran into Fritz Kreisler, who went along with him to look into the prospective purchase. The Viennese virtuoso recognized the Strad by two irregularities in the grain of the wood on the back and belly as the violin he had played in his first Beethoven concert at Vienna when a mere lad. To-day, Kreisler is a devotee of the Guarnerius as exemplified by Giuseppe Antonio Guarneri, dubbed *del Gesù* from his use of the sign of the Cross on his labels. This maker's violins, remarkable for boldness of modeling and richness of tone, are the only rivals of Stradivari's instruments, tho they weren't appreciated until the great Paganini played one of them a century ago.

For the NBC concert, Karpilowsky has lent his new Strad to Piastro. Before burying his violin in 1920, *Senhor* Marques-Valle had it dismantled and included a certificate of the instrument's authenticity by the Paris firm of Charles Enel & Cie., stating that 1737, the year Stradivari died, was the correct date of manufacture.



Renato Toppo

Mishel Piastro will bring the latest Stradivarius "find" to the microphone

It was made to order for an ancestor of René-Paul Baillot, whose father, Pierre, was a celebrated violinist. Last owner of the instrument generally known to the musical world was Mme. Julien Sauzay of Paris. After 1893 it disappeared except for vague rumors that some one in South America had bought it.

Census—When the great House of Hill of New Bond Street, London, gathered a census of Stradivarius instruments at the turn of the century, this "Baillot" Strad wasn't enumerated. There were traces of 100 missing Stradivarius violins when a total of 540 were reported by owners, together with a dozen violas (contralto and tenor viols), with hints of one or two more. The old master is estimated to have made 1,036 violins and violas.

A Stradivarius violoncello is without peer. The *maestro* devoted eight years to making eighty cellos. There are fifty of these in existence, with traces of seven or eight others. Discovery of the Brazilian "Baillot" is the first find in half a century.

How can any of them have been lost? Tho it was left to later eras to fix the true measure of Stradivari's peerless genius, the Cremonese fiddle-maker was of sufficient fame in his lifetime to be his home-town's greatest publicity asset. He had European renown as possessor of "an energetic grasp of his craft and fertility of idea equal to maintaining the glorious traditions of the past and to raising the art and renown of his native city."

Are there still Stradivarius instruments to be found? Almost certainly.

Lost—There's nothing to do but sigh, of course, over those known to have been destroyed. The leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden, London, was playing on a Stradivarius in 1808. That night the opera-house burned, the violin with it.

Charles IV had a Stradivarius collection in the Royal Palace at Madrid at the time of the French occupation. One subsequently turned up in Paris in 1819. Others still may be found, perhaps, this time, as a result of another revolution—that in Spain to-day.

What of a Stradivarius, for instance, stolen from a British *attaché* of the Embassy at St. Petersburg some time between the winter of 1869 and the end of 1870? Despite the Bolshevik Revolution, the chances are much more for than against its still being in existence. Some day, who knows how casually, it may turn up in Siberia.

For Sale—There are ten Strads for sale today in New York; 100 of them have passed through the loving hands of Jay C. Freeman, dean of American connoisseurs of the luthier's art, who presides over the Wurlitzer Collection. He has files showing their histories and exact measurements, calibrated as carefully as if they were master-parts for 1937 model motor-cars.

Perhaps the greatest of all Strads, the "Betts" (1704), was bought by the Library of Congress for $60,000. Now in private hands, this violin is valued at $100,000. There is a $75,000 cello in the Wurlitzer Collection; Emil Herrmann, New York dealer in rare violins, has an $80,000 viola and others of the 200 Strads in this country are valued at anywhere between $15,000 and $75,000.

Perhaps Messer Antonio sighed as he realized that he was making fewer instruments in his nonagenarian years. Placidly plodding along, the tall, thin luthier produced specimens of unquestioned high order, his years only betrayed by a certain breadth and solidity of style traced through every detail of the instruments.

Skill—Day after day he was at his work-bench in his little home at 1 Piazza San Domenico with gouge, compass, calipers and knife at hand to give form to those viols which have proved the models for future generations. As he labored, silently shaping those works which now are sought so eagerly throughout the world, noblemen, musicians, priests and friends came to his modest home to admire his skill and commission him to make instruments.

To-day, his little work-room resounds to the clickety-click of billiard-balls cued by sportsmen from the café next door. In Mittenwald, Germany; Mirecourt, France, and New York, too, modern viol-makers, with absolutely accurate molds of Strads at hand, copy the grand old man's handiwork. But the golden tone isn't there.

Some say Stradivari had a secret varnish and obtained better wood than any one else. Those myths are pretty well exploded. Experts to-day say Messer Antonio had no secret, only genius, and that was buried in a vault in the little Church of SS. Matteo e Domenico, Cremona, on December 19, 1737.

*Stradivari was the great violin-maker's name in Italian. Stradivarius, its Latin form, appertains to his instruments.

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Letters and Art

CANDID CAMERA: Genthe, Inventor, Writes of His Life and Triumph in Photography

Forty years ago, Arnold Genthe gave birth to an idea that grew to lusty life and finally to an international pastime—the candid camera. Down through the four decades of his career as a pictorial pioneer, he has photographed nearly every important person in this country, known most of them intimately, and changed the camera from an implement of torture to an instrument of art.

Now, at sixty-seven, he has turned a suffused light on these years and picked out some mellow memories that make entertaining reading in his autobiography, "As I Remember" (a John Day book, published by Reynal and Hitchcock). Supplementing the text is a generous selection of more than one hundred of the pictures that made him the most famous photographer in the world.

From the time Genthe was a boy, he tells of wanting to be an artist. But the death of his father made the financial future of an art student too precarious. So he continued his education, was graduated from the University of Jena with a Ph.D., and planned to follow the career of a professor, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

Tutor—A few months after his graduation, Genthe was invited to travel to this country as tutor for a son of a friend of his. He accepted with delight, intending to stay about a year.

That was in 1895, and he has been here ever since, returning to Germany only on visits.

His tutoring took him to San Francisco, where he found innumerable scenes he wanted to paint or sketch when not teaching.

The results, however, Genthe found discouraging.

Then he began investigating the possibilities of the camera.

With a small, inexpensive pocket model, Genthe began haunting Chinatown, sometimes waiting for hours to get just the right subject, the right light and shadow. Even if he had not loathed the stiff, characterless photos of that period, which moved him to perfect the candid technique, he would not have been able to take posed pictures in Chinatown. The Chinese had a deep-seated superstition about the camera—"a black devil-box"—which they believed contained all the evils of the world ready to pounce out at them.

Career—Encouraged by friends who saw his work, Genthe decided to make photography his career. To determine the exact status of portrait photography, the young novice went to have his own picture taken at one of the popular studios, and discovered that the old muscle-bound traditions still prevailed.

"The operator turned my head from one side to another until the pose suited him. 'Now hold it,' he exclaimed, placing my head in a cast-iron vise. 'Steady as a rock, now.' By the time he emerged from the focusing cloth, whatever might have been left of a natural expression had vanished."

Genthe was convinced his ideas on portraiture—never letting the subject know the exact minute the picture is taken—were right, after seeing the results of that sitting. Through friends, he began photographing the wealthy society women of San Francisco—the first in a long roster of beauties who have posed for the patient German.

Greta Garbo . . . a discovery

Anna Duncan . . . glorifying the dance

Photos by Arnold Genthe

"Here's how" . . . Greek style

The first actress to sit for him was Nance O'Neill.

The picture was used for a three-sheet poster which her manager, McKee Rankin, asserted was the most expensive poster he had ever had made.

People were so enraptured with it that they tore it off walls and it had to be constantly replaced.

Then came Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, Maxine Elliott, Edwin Markham, Paderewski, Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, to swell the ranks of Genthe's enthusiastic *clientele*.

Each sent famous friends and the photographer was an official success. Genthe admits he has photographed every famous actress and that some became famous only after he photographed them. Greta Garbo falls in that category.

The Swedish actress had come to this country solely because Hollywood wanted her Director, Mauritz Stiller, and Stiller wouldn't budge from Sweden without Garbo, whom he considered a genius. In New York, Garbo was given hundreds of film tests that came far from satisfying the movie potentates. "She's just a big Swede and we can't use her," was the verdict. Meanwhile, Genthe had photographed her with excellent results (see cut).

Revelation—When his pictures arrived during a Directors' meeting, they caused great consternation.

"Is that the blonde Swede who has been hanging around here these last weeks? If she can look like that, we had better sign her up."

Genthe hates what Hollywood has made Garbo look like, as much as he hates artificial effects in all photography. He has always been a radical photographer because he looks with contempt on bizarre and weird compositions whose only merit is that they astonish.

Since 1911, Genthe's studio has been in New York, on the top floor of a building in the heart of the shopping district. Here friends come to visit or be photographed, stumbling over lights and light cables, moving great stacks of pictures from chairs in order to sit down, while Genthe paces up and down as he talks. From dusty files he will pull out a letter of thanks from President Woodrow Wilson or President Theodore Roosevelt, for a picture he had taken. Next to that will emerge one of the three existing manuscripts of a sermon by Martin Luther published in 1526, or his plate of the first color photo—a rainbow—published twenty-five years ago.

Genthe ends his book with a chapter entitled "I Have Never Been Bored." Friends, music, wine, women, travel, his horses and cats have prevented boredom, he explains.

Thumbing the Books

"Honourable Estate." By Vera Brittain. (Macmillan; $2.50.) The familiar ground of "The Testament of Youth" is worked over to yield a picture of two generations of women and their struggle for suffrage. The woman of the 'nineties doesn't succeed as a feminist, but her post-war successor marches on to triumph as a Labor Member of Parliament. Tho not a convincing novel, there are glimpses of England during the War that are accurate and moving.

"The Virgin King." By Francis Watson. (Appleton-Century; $2.50.) An amusing satire on the royalty of Europe to-day. A

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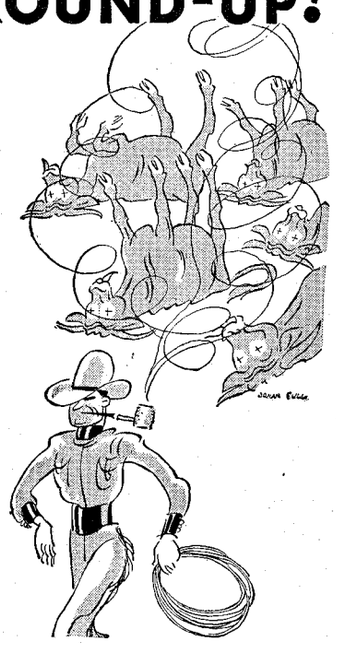
THE LAST ROUND-UP!



ONE WHIFF of maverick tobacco from that gurgling old pipe made the steers cry "Uncle!" Personally, we don't hold with strong pipes and bitter blends. We feel that a briar is improved by a daily grooming and a diet of milder, pleasanter tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. First, of course, because we make it; but also because this great blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys is cooler to smoke and delightfully fragrant. Try a tin. You may not round up as many cattle, but you'll pull in a big gang of admiring friends.

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TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

young Englishman flying to the Balkans is forced down on a church steeple in a two-by-four duchy. He is chosen King and life becomes turbulent and funny.

"The War Goes On." By Sholem Asch. (Putnam's; $3.) A not-to-be-forgotten story of the madness that infested Germany in the years after the War. Asch traces the fortunes of a Jewish family through inflation and the early stirrings of Hitlerism. Essential to all who would understand Germany to-day.

"Swinnerton: An Autobiography." By Frank Swinnerton. (Doubleday, Doran; $2.75.) The author of "Nocturne" writes the story of his climb from office boy to author. Accounts of his friendships with the literary great of his day, including Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham and Aldous Huxley, are given. Has perhaps fewer anecdotes than expected.

"Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton." (Sheed & Ward; $3.) The life story of England's bulky, shaggy G. K. Chesterton, who died last June. The book, completed three months before his death, is a cheerful and witty pageant of English life and letters. It was Chesterton who sang so loudly in Lord Lucas's flat near Buckingham that King Edward VII sent a message for the noise to stop.

"Across Spoon River." By Edgar Lee Masters. (Farrar & Rinehart; $3.50.) After writing the famous "Spoon River Anthology" and the infamous "Lincoln the Man," Edgar Lee Masters at sixty-seven has done his own story. Little of his time has been spent happily. Most of his life has gone to hating the people and neighborhoods where he has lived. "Across Spoon River" is painstaking but rather unreadable.

"The Corpse With the Floating Foot." By R. A. J. Walling. (Morrow; $2.) Mr. Tolefree, having washed his hands of the "Corpse With the Dirty Face," is confronted with a shoe dangling in a mill pond. To the shoe is attached a foot, and to the foot a corpse. Mr. Tolefree solves it all.

"War." By Kerr Eby. (Yale University Press; $2.50.) After a stirring appeal to prevent the recurrence of war, Eby presents some of his bitter etchings and pencil sketches of the last conflict.

"Half the World Is Isfahan." By Caroline Singer and Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. (Oxford University Press; $5.) A well-written, handsomely illustrated account of a journey through modern Persia. The authors have their eyes open; they see assembly lines producing the beautiful brasses of the East, the traditional beggars—even British archeologists.

"Cathedral: A Gothic Pilgrimage." By Helen Huss Parkhurst. (Houghton Mifflin; $4.) An interesting account of a tour of Europe and the Near East in which the author visited the great architectural fragments of the past, particularly the Gothic cathedrals.

"Pushkin: Poems, Prose and Plays." By Alexander Pushkin. (Random House; $3.50.) Russia's Shakespeare has been dead 100 years as this volume of his collected works appears. An admirable introduction to all who have never read him.

"La Rochefoucauld: The Maxims." Newly translated by Louis Kronenberger. (Stackpole; $1.75.) A fresh translation of the scientific cynic of the seventeenth century. A little extra bite is added by the clarity of the new version.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

bona fide.—"C. N.," Piqua, O.—The Latin phrase *bona fide* means "in good faith," and is used in English as a compound adjective, as *bona-fide* transactions. Rarely the form *bona fides* is used, meaning "good faith" or "honesty."

chemurgic, chemurgy.—"J. A. G.," Coffeyville, Kan.—The word *chemurgic* was coined recently, and means "of or pertaining to chemurgy," and the latter is, "the science and art of preparing chemicals by natural means, as by use of air, sunlight, and moisture supply; hence, the preparation of chemicals from agricultural products."

hyphen (the).—"C. M. F." Baltimore, Md.—The particular example referred to is one of those that constantly annoy newspaper men, and the solution of which has been attempted in a variety of ways. In the majority of instances, the name of the State can be safely omitted. For example, there is only one *Laredo* of any prominence in the United States, and the grouping could be "Laredo-Mexico City." If the name of the State must be given, then this form could be used: "Laredo (Texas)-Mexico City."

influenza.—"B. B.," New York City.—The Italians invented the term *influenza,* meaning "influence," in the 17th century, and attributed the disease to the influence of certain planets. The disease itself has been recognized as catarrhal since 1323, and a plague in 412 B. C., described by Hippocrates, is supposed to have been *influenza.* The disease has swept Europe, Asia, and Africa many times, and is thought to have reached America first in 1557. In President Jackson's day, his opponents called the disease, "Jackson's itch," and Tyler's opponents called it the "Tyler grippe." Russians call it *Chinese catarrh;* Germans call it the *Russian pest;* Italians refer to it as the *German disease,* and the French call it *Italian fever* or *Spanish catarrh.*

plagium.—"A. R. C.," Jamaica, L. I.—The term *plagium* is still used in Scotland to mean the theft of children, male or female, under puberty. It is a Latin term for a criminal offense in Rome, the purchase of a free person.

Streabbog.—"L. I. M.," Erie, Pa.—The name *Streabbog* is the pseudonym of the Belgian composer, Jean-Louis Gobbaerts, who was born at Antwerp, September 28, 1835, and who died at St. Giles, Brussels, May 5, 1886. His works were published either under his own name, or under the pseudonyms, Streabbog, Levy, or Ludovic. The first name, *Streabbog,* is his own name, *Gobbaerts,* spelled backwards. *Streabbog* is commonly pronounced *stray'bog—ay* as in *pray,* o as in *not.*

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Religion

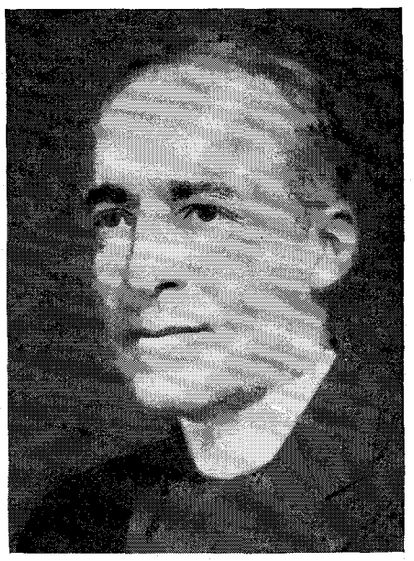
TIDE OF LEAKAGE IN PETER'S BARQUE

Is Anonymous Priest's "Worst Parish" Average for America?

Ever since he took over the Editorship of the national Catholic weekly, *America*, last July and put it into lively, modern dress, Francis X. Talbot, New York Jesuit priest, has packed its columns with frank and controversial articles, kept his 40,000 readers in a state of eager interest.

A fortnight ago, Editor Talbot made many a subscriber fret with curiosity and perplexity over an anonymous article disclosing an intimate survey of conditions in a large and influential Eastern city parish.

Entitled "Leakage Out of Peter's Barque," the article was signed by "A Worried Pastor," who, to learn the extent and possibly the cause of growingly lax spiritual and moral life in his parish, made



Father Talbot: a friend's survey created furor

a house-to-house survey among "Protestant and Catholic, Pagan and Christian, Jew and Gentile" and was moved to write:

"I scratch my venerable gray hairs and wonder if this is the worst parish in the world, or if there are any other parishes in the United States with such a lamentable moral and spiritual tale."

Statistics—The worried shepherd thereupon presented a formidable array of statistical evidence accompanied by a plea for advice which promptly had lay and clerical readers deluging Father Talbot's office with letters and telephone calls.

To wondering inquirers Father Talbot said that the author of the article was a middle-aged friend whose parish was a rather wealthy one in an Eastern city of more than 700,000 population, and so well-known in the religious world that his name could not be given.

That conditions should be so distressingly bad confounded the writer, because, in his parish, he said, the people lived close to the church, were well educated, all English-speaking, and were provided with the "finest grade and high school facilities that money can spare."

"On its spiritual side," he added, "the parish provides for a solid devotional life unmatched by any congregation in the country; the parish clergy are alert, devoted and unwearied; there is scarcely a need—moral, intellectual, spiritual, social, recreational—that is not provided by the parish itself; and yet, with it all, it looks as if we were headed 'adown Titanic glooms' on the broad and easy way that leads to perdition."

Conclusions—What he found in his parish which led him to this dire conclusion he swiftly and concisely reveals with the skill of a professional social fact-finder:

"1. One family out of every four in this parish is childless, the precise figure being 25 per cent. If birth control is making as much headway in other parishes as it is in this, there will be precious little necessity for erecting any new Catholic Schools to take care of increased enrolment.

"2. Population experts assure us that unless there are at least three children per family, the race will not be on an even keel; yet in this parish the average number of children is 1.7* per family. Our figures are for our families at the present time, and do not account for children married, dead or not now living in this parish, for all of whom we have no statistics whatsoever. But it sort of makes each particular hair to stand on end to know that in our own parish we have just about one-half as many children as are necessary to maintain the family in equilibrium.

"3. Twenty-three per cent. of all our families are mixed marriages. One-third of them are Catholic men, and two-thirds Catholic women. A special intensive and exhaustive study of the whole mixed and invalid marriage** problem is under way in this parish. It will cover not only the present but former generations as well, and include . . . educational background and . . . racial antecedents.

Marriage—"4. Closely allied with the whole birth control movement is the problem of invalid marriages. In this parish, one couple out of every nine is involved in an invalid union, the exact figure being 11 per cent.

"5. In addition to all this, there is the sorrowful total of one out of every twenty families in this parish being separated, the husband and wife having parted for a great variety of reasons, liquor being a prominent factor. To have even 5 per cent. of our total marriages prove unsuccessful is a sad commentary on youthful unseemly haste to marry.

"6. We are sometimes deceived by the crowds at mass on Sunday mornings, thinking that every one in the parish has complied with his sacred duty. Not so fast. A lot of our flock sleep in on Sundays and

*In Washington, statistical experts declared that the anonymous priest's family figures were actually below the national averages. The Census Bureau reported that the median size of families in the United States was 3.74. This would mean an average number of about 1.4 children per family. Out of the total of 29,490,000 families in the nation, 11,469,449 had no children at all, or 38.9 per cent. The priest's report of 25 per cent., therefore, is again above the national average.

**An invalid marriage is one not performed by an officer of the Roman Catholic Church, or a marriage found defective by an Ecclesiastical Court; it can be validated by subsequent marriage within the Church, except in the case of a divorced person.

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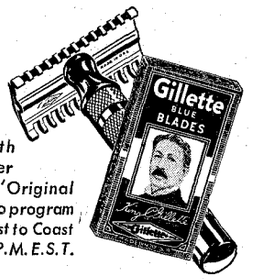

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never go to mass at all. And the extent to which they do so is appalling. On their own admission, one person out of every nine in this parish does not attend mass on Sundays, and has not gone to mass for years on end.

"7. When it comes to fulfilling the Easter duty, one person out of every eleven fails to receive the Sacraments at Easter-time; the exact figure here is 9 per cent. Money is not the cause; we have no pew rent; we have no collections at the church doors; no seat-money collections."

Problem—Last week, no pastor came forth with "cold and brutal" facts about his own parish, and those who commented protested that the very absence of vital information caused by the writer's overzealous efforts at anonymity made it difficult to compare relative conditions or to suggest a solution.

The feeling prevailed among clergy, however, that "Worried Pastor" was unduly worried, his facts and figures not startling, inasmuch as they were more representative of urban parishes everywhere than singularly unusual for the mentioned city.

Dr. John W. Suter, with an average upper middle-class Protestant-Episcopal parish on New York's prosperous upper East Side, which might be comparable to Worried Pastor's, said:

"From the point of view of many a non-Catholic pastor, the parish in question is not so badly off. Many a clergyman would like to experience the 'tide of leakage' that 'inundates' (sic) that congregation!

"If the parish really provides the devotional life claimed for it by its pastor, and the excellence of clergy, so that there is indeed 'scarcely a need, moral, intellectual, spiritual, social, recreational,' unmet—then let that parish hew to the line, and thank God for its superiority. Whatever good is done through *any* parish, Roman Catholic or Protestant, is done by God. Possibly the 'Worried Pastor' would worry less if he just continued to do his (very good) best and left the issue to God."

Jewish View—Reaction in Jewish religious circles was expressed by Rabbi Morton M. Berman, Free Synagogue of New York:

"One of the chief troubles of modern times pointed out in the *America* article is that of intermarriage between people of different religious faiths. The same problem is present in the Jewish religion. Traditionally, no one can marry a person of the Jewish faith in the synagog unless he also becomes a member of the faith. It is also traditional that when the applicant seeks to enter the religion for marriage reasons, he shall be rejected three times. Then, if he still persists, he will be admitted, provided he has learned everything required (which takes months of study).

"By these strict rules, the Jewish religion has prevented to a large degree the problems of intermarriage. While we have taken no actual survey to determine broken homes, I feel sure that our average would be far lower than that cited in the *America* article. Jewish families usually stick together. Our divorce percentage would be far below the average.

"Our attendance problem, too, is far smaller than the anonymous priest's, and this is not one of our worries."

Suggestion—Roman Catholic Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy, Seattle, stated:

"The remedy called for lies essentially in putting religion back in the every-day life of our people. . . .

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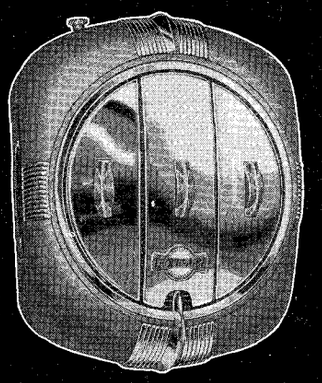

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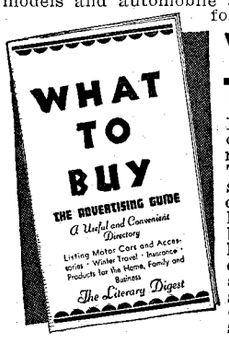

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was religious. The minister was the schoolteacher. Probably the only remedy is a return to the original form of American public school. Catholic, Episcopal and Lutheran parochial schools are carrying on that tradition. Religion must be restored as a part of our every-day life. There is no better way than to start a child with it in school. I see no other solution.

"Religion and morality aren't exactly slipping. . . . Religion and morality have slipped to a considerable extent, and this change took place some years ago. This is evidenced by the changed attitude toward divorce. Twenty-five years ago a divorcée simply wouldn't be received. It is also evidenced by the change in the personal habits of some women. Before prohibition it was practically impossible to see a woman at a bar, whereas to-day it is commonplace.

"Fifty to 60 per cent. of the population of our country is inactively affiliated with a religious body, not an actual member of any church, and thus outside the influence of religion. What is true of the rest of the nation is true of Seattle."

Paths—In Atlanta, Dr. Richard Orme Flinn, Pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian Church, remarked:

"I believe that the downward trend of religious influence is taking two paths. First, there has grown up a class of cultured pagans who are not concerned with piety, and who live decently only according to the dictates of society based on Epicurean philosophy, who feel no concern for the spiritual soul, who think lightly of the marriage vows, and who are losing their shame of divorce. They have no sense of fear in committing Biblical sins.

"The second trend in the church where spiritual passion is waning among its members is the decreasing concern over converting those outside the church. This is exemplified by the falling off of evangelism and the number of evangelists. It is becoming increasingly harder to interest outsiders in attending evangelistic sermons, and the regular church members are practically the only ones who go to them."

Optimism—Speaking for the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, the Rev. Worth M. Tippy, Secretary of its Department of the Church and Social Service, said:

"There can be no question but that the Protestant churches are experiencing the effect of the same adverse influences described in the *America* article, but the picture is perhaps more encouraging for them. We think, here in the Federal Council, that the people generally are distinguishing between religion and the church. There seems to be a growing general interest in the spiritual order, and wide-spread non-ecclesiastical manifestations of the spirit of religion in society which are very encouraging, and which seem to indicate that the church has been more effective than has been supposed."

Last week the *Commonweal*, Catholic weekly competitor of Father Talbot's *America*, expressed the conviction that "Worried Pastor's" parish was not a "glaring exception to the prevailing condition of affairs in American Catholic life."

THE AMERICAN HOME, 1936:
A Survey of an "Anonymous Parish"

Number of children per family	1.7 per cent. (this does not account for children married, or dead, or moved away).
Number of childless marriages	25 per cent. of all marriages in the parish.
Mixed marriages	23 per cent. of all marriages in the parish.
Invalid marriages	11 per cent. of all marriages in the parish.
Impossible validation	4 per cent. of all marriages in the parish. (That is, one-third of all invalid unions can never be validated.)
Widows with families	15 per cent. of all families in the parish.
Widows living entirely alone	4 per cent. of all families in the parish.
Children reared as Protestants	2.3 per cent. of all the children in the parish.
Families separated	5 per cent. of all families in the parish.
Single persons of adult age living alone	20 per cent. of all persons in the parish.
Missing mass on Sundays	11 per cent. of all persons in the parish.
Failing to receive Easter Communion	9 per cent. of all persons in the parish.

Last week Father Talbot's *America* reached subscribers' homes with this explanation of "Worried Pastor's" troubles:

"'Worried Pastor's' parish suffers from a blight over which he has no control, the blight of urbanism. His situation contains nothing unique.

"Indeed, his figures for childless marriages; mixed, invalid and broken marriages, are better than a good proportion of exemplary city parishes.

"His experience throws the spotlight on the fact so familiar to sociologists who have studied the rural problem—that urban population does not tend to reproduce itself after two or three generations.

"'Worried Pastor's' experience, therefore, taken not as peculiar, but as typical, is a direct warning that the Church in the United States will become physically extinct without a nation-wide active Catholic agrarian program."

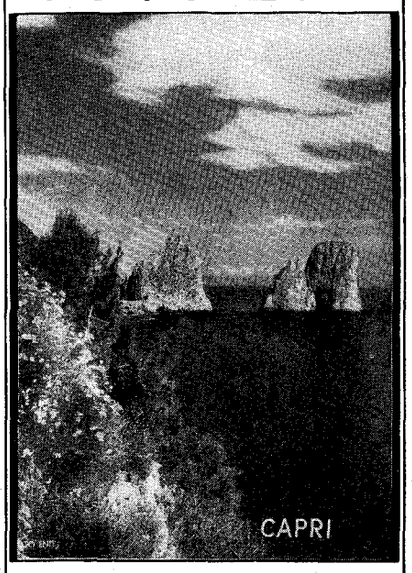
PULPIT PARAGRAPHS

Sociability—Last week, in German-populated, beer-loving Milwaukee, Alderman Theodore Froemming, spurred by church recreational groups, stood tradition on its ears by introducing into the Common Council a proposed ordinance to give churches the right to sell beer at basement bowling-alleys, pool-rooms, weekly socials. Tavern-keepers hustled to City Hall, thundered objections:

"The church was responsible for legislation which barred taverns within 300 feet of a church. That was all right. But now it proposes to license the sale of beer, not only occasionally, but too often for our own good. On top of this, they will be asking us to donate half-barrels to their functions."

Startled bishops and denominational heads of all sects clamped down on beer-thirsty church groups, joined with tavern men in fighting the measure. Upshot was

SUNNY
ITALY



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that Alderman Froemming withdrew his proposed ordinance.

* * *

Crusader—A former Salvation Army Lassie and post-War "Angel of Broadway," Rheba Crawford, took many a wise-cracking curb-stone heckler in her stride before she went to California in 1931 to marry Raymond B. Splivalo, a polo-playing broker, and to become the late Gov. James Rolph, Jr.'s, Welfare Director. Joining Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson at Angelus Temple, Los Angeles, last year, she got off to a hectic career. Angelus Temple gossips buzzed that professional jealousy and fear for her crown on the part of Mrs. McPherson had started the women's friendship toward the rocks. The rupture reportedly widened when the assistant pastor grabbed head-lines by opening a campaign on city vice and gambling. Last week, the fiery, red-headed Mrs. Splivalo lay on a sick-bed, flashed eyes of anger at a letter from her chief canceling her $600-a-month contract with Angelus Temple. Shocked by the apparent *coup d'état* Mrs. Splivalo announced that her contract had a year to run, and prepared to instruct her lawyer to collect if her monthly check for $600 was not forthcoming on December 12.

* * *

Universities—Five widely-famed Catholic Universities in the United States are Fordham (New York); Notre Dame (South Bend, Indiana); Georgetown (Washington); Holy Cross (Worcester, Massachusetts), and St. Louis (St. Louis). Not so well known publicly, but more famous than all of these, is the Catholic University of America (Washington).

Under the special blessing of the Holy See since 1887, Catholic University dots the picturesque northern heights of the Capital, turns out from its graduate theological school some of the best minds in the Church, is the only Catholic educational institution in the country belonging to the Association of American Universities.

On its campus in the shadow of famed affiliated religious orders, hundreds of young student priests and professors gathered last week to watch the Rt. Rev. Joseph Moran Corrigan become the University's sixth rector. Affable, rubicund, Rector Corrigan is fifty-five, weighs 250 pounds, resigned a theology professorship at Pennsylvania's renowned Overbrook Theological Seminary, where he was the most brilliant scholar, to succeed the Most Rev. James Hugh Ryan, who goes to Omaha as bishop.

* * *

Church on Wheels—Last week, in Chelsea, teeming Boston suburb, "Gospel Ranger" Herbert R. Whitelock preached for two hours in pew-jammed Horace Memorial Baptist Church, glowed with pride as he came through to a thumping finish without a yawner, snoozer or watch-reader. It was an old-fashioned Puritan service, attended by Bostonians in the devout manner of their ancestors. Afterward, beaming on his wife as they rumbled out of town in their miniature church on wheels, the Rev. Mr. Whitelock moralized: "That shows people have not lost their interest in religion."

Attracting to them throngs who know them as radio's "Uncle Herb and Aunt Edie," the Whitelocks drive up to small towns, camps, hospitals, institutions and village-greens, park their evangelical trailer, which is the gift of a New Hampshire toy manufacturer. Inside, it is equipped with a small pulpit and folding organ which "Aunt Edie" plays.

Social Service

SPURS TO SUCCESS:

Writers of Two Books Give New Hope to the Middle-Aged

America's middle-aged began to look at life with the clear eyes of youth four years ago, when Prof. Walter B. Pitkin, Columbia University journalist-philosopher, published his famed "Life Begins at Forty." This year, Dorothea Brande, literary critic and writer, gave them her own success formula in "Wake Up and Live."

In a depression-ridden world, these two, both middle-aged, caught the spirit of restless unemployed myriads, prodded jaded brains to work on a hundred profitable new ventures. Rapidly throughout the country, nebulous fancies crystallized into solid, satisfying careers.

Wide World

Walter Pitkin utilizes his own energies and shows others how to use theirs

Last week, as Professor Pitkin's book hit the 180,000 sales mark and Mrs. Brande's the 115,000, the scope and effect of this new avocational individualism they had engendered could be gaged for the first time. Both writers had filled filing-cabinets and desks with batches of letters and testimonials from grateful readers.

Mrs. Brande is keeping hers "on ice" while she works on a new novel, even tho some of the metamorphoses they reveal are almost unbelievable. One prominent New York business man insisted her book had made $100,000 for him.

Sequel—Mr. Pitkin, however (who, by the way, fumes at being constantly addressed as "Doctor"), announced he had just put the finishing touches on a sequel to "Life Begins at Forty," proving that his contentions therein were correct.

From his collection of middle-aged success-stories, the Columbia craftsman has woven a cheerful design for living after the hectic days of youth. He has named it "Careers after Forty."

Through it runs conspicuously the bright thread of his chief conclusion: that youth no longer occupies favored position at the starting-line, that the ambitious Forties are crowding the energetic Twenties away from the pole, and stand a good chance of winning the race.

Briefly, the picture shows that if you're forty or more, somewhat smarter than the average, and have unlimited physical energy (like dynamic Pitkin or hard-working Mrs. Brande) you have a better chance to-day of success in a new venture than most raw, untried youngsters. Experience counts, and heavily.

Culled from the Pitkin files are stories from drought-seared Midwestern farms, depression-riddled Oklahoma oil towns and Eastern industrial centers, scourged by unemployment.

Enterprise—A well-to-do Missouri farmer's wife, suddenly finding herself the sole support of an invalid husband and two high school daughters, built up a bustling dry goods business from neighborhood requests for remnants bought from a Kansas City wholesaler to make dresses more cheaply.

Major Bowes and his find, Michael Ballero, acting "The Man Who Played God"

Tired of sitting all day in an empty reception-room with only unpaid bills for company, a once-prosperous dentist went to work four days a week in a doll factory, climbed out of the ruins of his dying practise.

Mrs. J—, small-town clubwoman, now makes annual trips to the Orient as buyer for her own flourishing gift shop that grew from sale to friends a few years ago of several pieces sent her by an importer-aunt.

Altho economic necessity sowed most of these sprouting careers, many, like *Miss Eva's* black *Topsy*, "just growed." The Western spinster music-teacher, for example, who suddenly got married and moved to another city, became interested in attracting musical talent there for performances, and developed into a major theatrical producer, with a sizable income.

Other forty-year-olders just got bored with humdrum life and started out on their own hook to pep it up. A New England mother left housekeeping for the

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lecture platform to tell about her lifelong hobby—rare gems. A school-teacher from the Northwest, reminded her "spring-chicken" days were nearly over, quit and became her city's leading pictorial photographer; she'd become interested in the subject on summer mountain-climbing tours.

Radio—In the glamourous world of entertainment, cocoon-to-butterfly stories came thick and fast with Maj. Edward ("Gongster") Bowes and other amateur hour masters of ceremonies giving the workaday people their big chance before the microphone.

There was the young Washington society matron, attractive member of the Roosevelt clan, who sang on Major Bowes's program just because she was interested in his work in behalf of struggling entertainers.

Her venture took her swiftly from drawing-room to orchestra-rostrum, for it brought an immediate offer from a Capital hotel to sing with its band. Soon she will make her Manhattan début at a leading midtown hostelry.

Not all the Major's protégées are starry-eyed youngsters, however, nor do they all succeed before the footlights. Sometimes, one develops quite a different type of career.

One of these, a husky Irishwoman who sang on the program only because she was persuaded, refused all suggestions to capitalize on her really beautiful, throaty voice, but is still cashing in on the publicity she got there.

The Major jokingly dubbed her "Hamburger Mary" when she boasted that her small restaurant's hamburgers were the best in town.

Soon after, she put up a huge sign, "Hamburger Mary." Radio listeners flocked in. To-day, her enlarged restaurant is one of the most popular in New York's Radio City district.

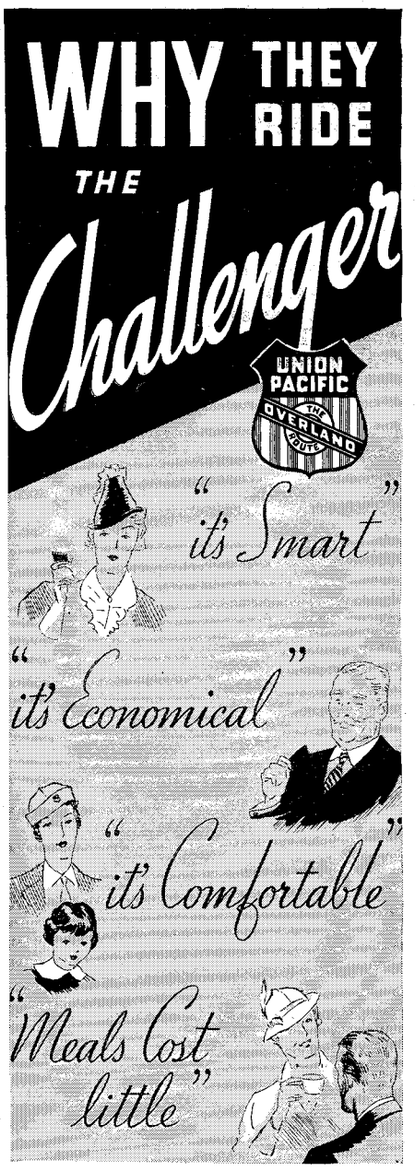
Impulse—Michael Ballero, another Bowes find, owes his career to an impulsive request for an audition as the Major and Gov. James Curley of Massachusetts walked out of a Boston theater, and to his remarkable ability to impersonate prominent characters.

Among them (see cut), is George Arliss, who a few years ago portrayed the movies' most memorable example of a man who woke up and lived: "The Man Who Played God" by straightening out unhappy lives revealed as he sat high in his luxurious apartment training a telescope on a secluded park bench.

Professor Pitkin knows of an Upstate New Yorker who, by putting into practise suggestions he got from books on Hindu *yogi*, Rosicrucian philosophy, Christian Science and other self-revelatory subjects, regained in five years his financial status lost through a nervous breakdown. Seven years ago, he lost his job with an insurance company, was ill for two years, during which he read. Recovering, he decided to recoup his losses in the restaurant business because he thought it needed brains as well as good cooking. He bought a small diner, later enlarged it, now makes $10,000 net profit annually.

He's not an exception to what can be done by people who learn to utilize their energies to the full, but Author Pitkin laughs off all possibilities of an avalanche of enterprises of the middle-aged following publication of his new book.

"Nobody ever takes good advice," he says, "and it's darned lucky for people like me that they don't."



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CUPID'S ARROWS STRIKE CELEBRITIES

Roosevelt-du Pont, Rogers-Pickford, Hayward-Sullavan Idyls

"My Romance doesn't have to have a moon in the sky,
My Romance doesn't need a blue lagoon standing by—"

Stealing this favored theme of jazz *maestros,* news presses last week hummed front-page tunes of romance here and abroad (see Foreign Comment). From a lilting melody with lyrics from "Romeo and Juliet," they modulated to the sonorous chords of the Wedding March from "Lohengrin": "Here Comes the Bride"—for the ninth time.

Roosevelt-du Pont—Freshest of the brides-to-be was Ethel du Pont, twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene du Pont of munitions fame. Curving rougeless lips in a shy smile, she informed Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., that she was being "very cagy" with reporters who besieged her with questions:

"Did he buy the ring at Tiffany's?"

"Why are there three diamonds?" (young Roosevelt met Miss du Pont three years ago).

"How many carats do they weigh?"

Miss du Pont shook her blonde head: "I don't know," and with the same shy smile: "You will have to ask Franklin."

Franklin, less "cagy," answered: "Yes"; "because"; and "two carats each," respectively, to the three questions. News scribes changed their tactics.

"What do your parents think?" (remembering that members of the bride-to-be's family had contributed more than $350,000 to the anti-Roosevelt Liberty League, giving additional thousands to the Republican campaign in a vain attempt to swing the election against Franklin's father).

Du Pont père made his own reply. He is presenting "the children with a framed copy of a cartoon (see cut) appearing recently in the Philadelphia *Record* . . . "

From Wichita, Kansas, the mother of the bridegroom-to-be announced that she was "fully in accord" with the engagement of her son.

"May the betrothal be regarded as an omen of forgiveness on both sides," editorialized the Boston *Herald,* then added: "Probably not."

Rogers-Pickford—Distinguished engagement number two would not have made the front page had it read: "Gladys Smith, forty-three, will marry Charles Rogers, thirty-two, sometime in the spring." But under the stage names "Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart, and Buddy Rogers," it got top billing.

JULIET—" 'TIS BUT THY NAME THAT IS MY ENEMY . . . WHAT'S IN A NAME? THAT WHICH WE CALL A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET"

—Doyle in New York Post

The formal announcement culminates a three-year romance, and in inviting his mother to help celebrate it, the young actor-musician found the opportunity to say: "I want my two sweethearts with me—my mother and Mary."

In the Rogers home town of Olathe, Kansas, 3,500 townfolk confessed they have not been so excited since the "big fuss over the waterworks in 1931." Stocky Probate Judge Bert Rogers, Buddy's father, pooh-poohed the suggestion that an eleven-year discrepancy in ages might cause trouble.

From the Sweetheart of America came: "Buddy has set his heart on a ranch-type house, and he is going to get everything he wants."

Hayward-Sullavan—In New York, Margaret Sullavan, twenty-eight, snatched time out between performances of "Stage Door" and ran up to Newport, Rhode Island, to say "I do" to Leland Hayward, moneyed, thirty-four-year-old society man. Miss Sullavan, a former Virginia belle, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius R. Sullavan of Norfolk; her bright career has filtered through footlights, cameras and microphones, returning to the theater, where she is content to let it rest. Hayward, whom Katharine Hepburn is said to have loved and lost, is the son of Col. William Hayward, formerly Federal District Attorney of New York, and the third Mrs. Hayward, previously Mrs. Plant and mother of Phil Plant, who was once married to Constance Bennett.

The bridegroom's earlier wives were (1) Lola Gibbs, who divorced him to marry Freddy Sayes; (2) Mrs. Freddy Sayes, who divorced Freddy Sayes to remarry Mr. Hayward. The bride's earlier husbands were (1) Henry Fonda, Hollywood actor who is now married to the ex-Mrs. George Brokaw; (2) William Wyler, motion-picture director.

The new Mrs. Hayward has purchased the home of Mrs. Martha G. Skougor, artist, at South Branch, New Jersey (LITERARY DIGEST, February 13, 1924), an estate comprising five acres and known as "Humble House"; it is to be their summer home.

Love Marches On—Meanwhile, zooming east to Kansas City from the Coast, Miss Gladys Witt, blonde air-line stewardess, crashed head-on with *Love* in the persons of two insistent suitors; she solved the problem temporarily at least by grounding both swains.

In near-by Chicago, a Mrs. Esther O'Rourke, twenty-nine, caught the spirit of the thing, stuck an Army .45 in the ribs of one Phineas Crooker, forty-four-year-old bachelor of Marlboro, Massachusetts, and invited him to accompany her to the altar. An unromantic judge turned the man loose.

While many a lassie and lad were thus making their first, second or third ventures into bliss, two hardy veterans of the Orange Blossom Trail also made news.

In London, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, "forty-ish," announced her betrothal to Prof. Vivian Jackson, thirty, the wedding to follow his divorce, when he will become No. 5.

Unabashed, Mrs. Grace Thomasson, of St. Louis, revealed that she had just wed No. 9.

Wide World

Peggy Hopkins Joyce to marry for the first time . . . an astrophysicist

Paramount

Margaret Sullavan becomes Mrs. Leland Hayward and purchases "Humble House"

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Press

PROFESSIONAL OR TRADE-UNIONIST?

Sigma Delta Chi Meets as Guild Presses Collective Bargaining

Courtesy Ohio University Journalism School

College journalism students, working on a daily paper as reporters and copy-editors, will later decide between a professional group and a trade-union

Every moviegoer knows that reporters curse volubly, wear battered hats indoors and out, drip cigarettes from lips made shaky by cheap whisky, and don't give a tinker's dam about stealing private pictures or ruining a family by screaming, sexy publicity.

College-trained, impeccably dressed editors, reporters, rewrite men and magazine writers gathered last week at Dallas, Texas, not to belie movie labels and libels, but to "work for higher professional standards." Top-flight working newspaper men and journalism students were meeting for the twenty-first national convention of Sigma Delta Chi, hearing reports on employment, their professional magazine *The Quill*, and speeches on such topics as "The Relation of the Press to the Government in Germany," "How Accurate Are Newspapers?" and "To-morrow's Newspaper." In spare moments delegates did tip up a few bottles and watch strip-dancers from the Texas Centennial Exposition, but theirs was mainly a professional meeting.

Battle-Cry—On widening their activities as a professional organization by enlarging alumni work, President Carl Miller, Vice-President of the Pacific Coast edition of *The Wall Street Journal*, sounded a battle-cry.

"Our hand is being forced by the organization in New York of a new professional journalistic society and the American Newspaper Guild," he told fellow members, and denounced militant trade-union tactics.

Simultaneously, Jonathan Eddy, Executive Secretary of the Newspaper Guild, was setting out for Tampa, Florida, to attend the American Federation of Labor convention. Like other union leaders, he was thinking of the Roosevelt victory and its implications for organized labor. Beyond strengthening collective bargaining, Eddy knew, the professional aspects of the Guild were still largely a question of the future.

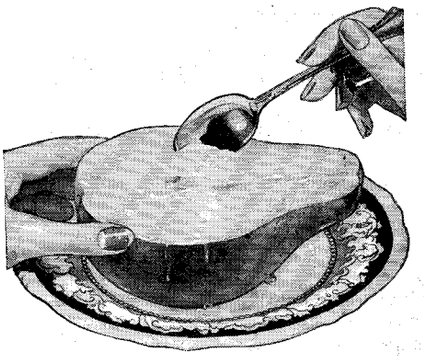
Guild Code—True, the Guild had established a code of ethics slightly more proletarian and professedly more realistic than that of the Association of Newspaper Publishers of America. The Guild had toyed for several years with the idea of an award for the most outstanding newspaper story, had established a dozen informal "schools" to teach copy-boys the rudiments of newspaper writing, had made friendly contacts with the mighty National Union of Journalists in England, and had called its efforts toward higher pay professional.

But outstanding in the Guild's three-year life was its militant drive to organize newspaper men. On the battle-scroll were the names Newark *Ledger*, Milwaukee's *Wisconsin News*, Long Island *Daily Press*, Staten Island *Advance*, Lorraine (Ohio) *Journal*, New York *Il Progresso*, the Associated Press, and the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, still strike-suspended after three months.

All of these had tussles with the Guild; some won by publishers, some by the union, and some "amicably settled."

Growth—In addition, the Guild had come through minor tiffs about recognition, contracts and minimum-wage scales. Membership claimed is 5,666, with 265 units functioning, including newspapers, press associations and photographic and syndicate services. Most controversial aspect of the Guild, to joining members, has been the leadership. While publishers derided the Guild as a copy-boys' organization, top-ranking "name men" still joined. The President is columnist Heywood Broun ("It Seems to Me"), mildly Leftist, loudly unionist, individually a member of the A.F.L.'s rival, the Committee for Industrial Organization.

The most controversial aspect of the Guild, to publishers, has been the problem



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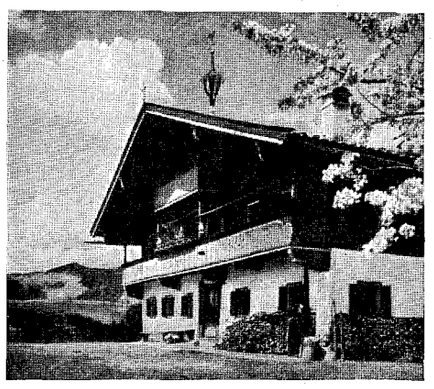
TYROLEAN JUNE

By NINA MURDOCH



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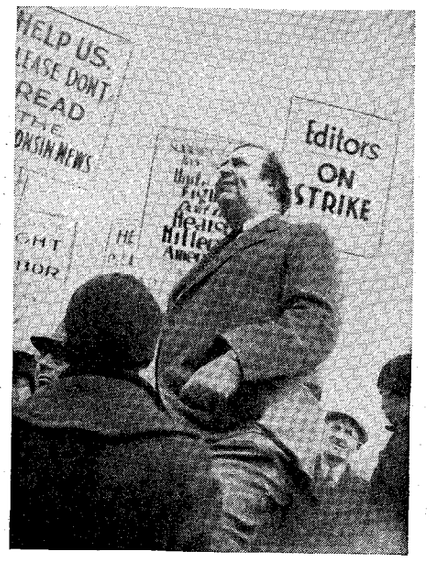

Wide World

Heywood Broun, Guild Chief, harangues strikers

of "impartiality of news" if staff members belonged to a labor organization. At the Guild's conception *Editor & Publisher,* the fourth estate's leading trade journal, welcomed "the National Guild and wished it a long and useful life." As strikes, picketing, shouting for higher wages and shorter hours continued, the magazine turned harshly on the organization, and suggested last September "that membership in the organization should be a disqualification for newspaper employment."

Fight—Branding such talk as "blacklisting," the Guild pressed forward in a score of cities, making agreements with a few publishers, trying to establish minimum weekly salaries of $25 for beginners, $40 for men with three years' experience, and better vacation, overtime and dismissal conditions.

They thought of London's accepted bottom salary of nine pounds ($45), of professional men in other fields with the same training and ability earning three and five times their income.

The Guild's biggest fight has been with William Randolph Hearst, whose high executives are paid top salaries in the profession, but whose reporters, photographers and copy-boys have organized units on fourteen of his twenty-nine papers, utter bitter tirades against him in *The Guild Reporter* and *The Guild Daily* in Seattle, which "replaces" his silenced *Post-Intelligencer.*

Some publishers, worried by demands for higher wages, harried by a union that would restrict firing, have been trying to break up the Guild. Alleged "company unions" have been started.

Competition—Meanwhile, with the dark clouds of Sigma Delta Chi rivalry on the one side and many encouraging signs on the union horizon, officers and rank and file of the Guild have revived long-deferred plans along "purely professional" lines. Many Guildsmen are also Sigma Delta Chi members, and last week they watched the fraternity add a score of alumni chapters to its roster, heard that the convention empowered the Executive Council to study further expansion plans.

If desired members, publishers for instance, never went to college or journalism school, Sigma Delta Chi can still claim their "good-will" and "brotherly love" by making them honorary members.

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National Defense

"FLOATING HOSPITAL" FOR WAR-SHIPS

ARD-3, Navy's Seagoing Base, Will Even Have Its Movies

No fighting forces—land or sea—can operate without bases. Maintenance of lines of communication and supply was a principle old in warfare when the Hyksos' thundering war-chariots dashed from the barren hinterland into a fertile Egypt.

Modern war-fleets, however large battleships may be built with a view to increasing their cruising-radius, are no more able to conduct a continuous campaign in waters lacking bases than were the *armadas* of galleys and triremes of Rome and Carthage or the multidecked galleons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Lack of bases has been the stock argument of American navalists at every sea-power conference to limit armaments when bluff Britishers upbraid the United States for building bigger ships. American Navy tacticians point to the 4,767 miles between bases from Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, to Olongapo, Philippine Islands. There are no harbors big enough for mastodon battle-ships along the sea-route, tho tiny American islets, linked like pearls on a golden chain, serve scouting flying-boats.

Trump Card—On November 25, naval constructors at Washington, D. C., were to have played their trump card in the naval battle for bases—a giant seagoing "hospital" for war-ships. Wherever the Battle Fleet goes in Pacific maneuvers, there the floating dry dock will go, too, chugging along in the supply-train of auxiliary craft and ever-ready to patch up a crippled cruiser, giant battle-ship or aircraft-carrier.

Modestly designated as *ARD-3*—the initials mean Auxiliary Repair Dock—the dry dock will have to be built on the Pacific Coast or in Honolulu, since it could not pass through the Panama Canal. Towing around South America would be too costly and hazardous an operation. *ARD-3* will displace approximately 45,000 tons, be 1,018 feet long, 175 feet wide and seventy-five feet high from keel to top deck, large enough to accommodate any existing naval warcraft (British battle-cruiser *Hood*, 42,100 tons, is world's largest).

Tho the same length, the Cunard-White Star flag-ship *Queen Mary* has a beam of only 118 feet. Such naval giants as the U.S.S. *Lexington* and *Saratoga* can barely scrape through the Panama Canal locks, which are 110 feet wide and 1,000 feet long, but *ARD-3* will be able to handle these great aircraft-carriers having drafts up to forty-five feet with ease.

Power-House—Unlike other floating dry docks, which are composed of several separate sections, *ARD-3* will be built as a unit, largest of its kind, generating its own power and running pumping-plants to raise and lower the dock. A battle-ship draws from thirty-five to forty feet and the dock's floor will have to go below that level.

There will be a sharp prow at one end and an open stern, closed by a water-tight gate with a docking-chamber having a clear width of 125 feet between side-walls. There will be four decks, the top one being equipped with windlasses, capstans and cleats for warping war-ships into the docking-chamber.

Nothing has been overlooked, for in addition to comfortable living-quarters there will be a miniature hospital and a motion-picture hall. Most significant feature of *ARD-3's* construction, however, will be self-propulsion, bow and stern machinery designed to make the weird craft towable at ten knots, something never attempted in any other navy.

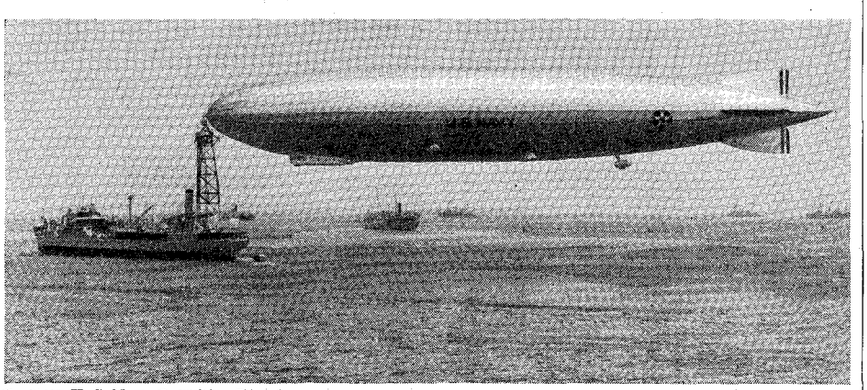
Air-Cruisers—While constructors study $15,000,000 bids for *ARD-3*, approximately twice the cost of a fixed dry dock, naval strategists are considering resuming the construction of giant lighter-than-air dirigibles. In a sailor's salty lingo, dirigibles are air-cruisers to scout a thousand miles ahead of the battle-squadrons.

Despite the Navy's evil fate with *ZR-2*, *Shenandoah*, *Akron* and *Macon*, wherein 133 lives and $40,000,000 were lost, Rear Adm. Arthur B. Cook, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, maintains an open mind on the controversial question of the Navy's policy on lighter-than-air craft. He says:

"I don't think that anything that has gone before affords conclusive proof that lighter-than-air craft will not be of value."

Their greatest value, he explains, is strategic, not tactical. They should be used for surveying vast areas at sea. A rigid airship can stay aloft for four or five days at a time without refueling and do the work of three cruisers, yet the cost of one such airship is less than that of one cruiser.

"And that," the Admiral adds significantly, "can't be laughed off."



Courtesy U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

Navy's only air-cruiser, venerable Los Angeles, moored to mother ship Patoka: just as war-ships need floating dry docks, so do lighter-than-air craft need mobile bases

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Parade

Weighty civic matters such as balancing budgets were discussed in the recent visit of **Daniel Kampen**, seventeen-year-old Mayor of Boys Town, Nebraska, to Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor of New York City. The nation's youngest chief city executive complimented the Mayor of the nation's largest city and the pair posed for photographs, granted a joint interview.

Kampen was elected by the 200 citizens of Boys Town, whose ages range from twelve to eighteen. Located ten miles west of Omaha, the site went officially "on the map" December 10, 1934, when the Federal Government established a post-office there. Duly incorporated as an independent village several months ago, the boys now have a Town Commission, law and courts, high school, trades school, City Council and regulation election machinery.

For the past five years, Mayor Kampen has been a member of Father Flanagan's Boys' Home in Omaha, where he went, homeless and abandoned. He wants to be a lawyer.

* * *

Indignation is rife at **Eton College** in England because American visitors call the students "cute little fellows." Smaller students have complained recently that American elderly women invariably ask them to pose for snap-shots. Because of the terror inspired by the visitors, the students turn and run, resulting in unsatisfactory pictures.

* * *

"I look at some of my old pictures occasionally," said **Marion Davies**, "and I just shudder. I saw 'Janice Meredith' recently, and I had to pinch myself to believe it was I. I was so fat—must have had three double chins—and my acting was even worse than it is now!"

* * *

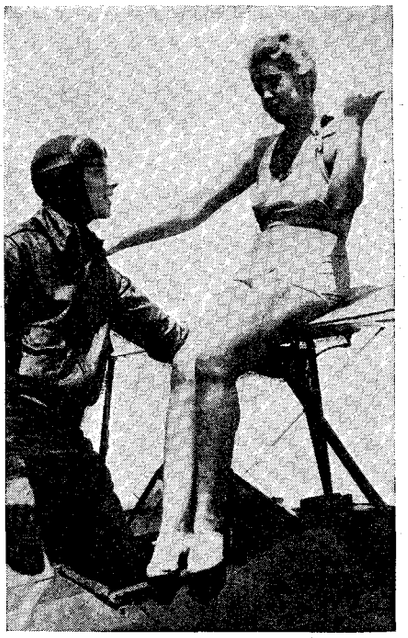
Advocating books of lighter physical weight, **Professor William Lyon Phelps** bemoaned the inconvenience of handling present-day novels in bed. "Since the World War and the depression, nobody sleeps," he said. "Everybody reads in bed. Now, if you should happen to drop one of those long popular novels in bed, you might as well be hit with a paving stone. A book can be long without being heavy."

* * *

"I am now convinced," said **Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins**, President of the University of Chicago, "that the greatest danger to education in America is the attempt, under the guise of patriotism, to suppress freedom of teaching, inquiry and discussion. Consequently I am now in favor of permanent tenure with all its drawbacks, as by far the lesser of two evils." Dr. Hutchins was once opposed to permanent tenure for university teachers because "it is an invitation to mediocrity."

* * *

On her 152d jump, **Alice Gibson**, twenty-five-year-old platinum blonde parachute jumper, crashed. Born in Oakland, California, reared in Sweden, she made her initial jump in the Scandinavian country at fifteen. Now she receives $50 to $100 a jump. "I'm going to break the world's altitude record," she said from her hospital-bed. "It's 26,575 feet now, held by a man. I'm going to do it from thirty to thirty-five



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Alice Gibson . . . will jump again

thousand feet with an automatic 'chute that opens itself if I'm unconscious. That'll make me a sort of a falling laboratory, won't it?"

* * *

Preparing to renew her operatic career after a serious operation, **Amelita Galli-Curci** maintains she has a new personality. "I have the soul of a lyric soprano," said the diva; "a free, lilting soul, not the cold calculating soul of a colorature. Because I had the voice of a colorature, I had to assume the personality of one. But that has been removed—it went when they took that potato out of my neck."

* * *

Hollywood was aroused recently by the refusal of **Clark Gable** to wear a beard for an historical rôle because "they're not romantic and women don't like 'em." Several stars sided with the actor while others disagreed. Eleanor Powell declared: "It would be a new experience, anyway, to be kissed by a bearded man." And

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Matching Kicks: O'Driscoll and Hutchinson

blonde Mary Carlisle maintained her answer was a quotation she had read somewhere: "A kiss without a beard is like celery without salt."

* * *

Standing on his wooden boat on the tide-flats near Olympia, Washington, **William Greenwood**, sixty-nine-year-old prophet, predicted a flood would engulf the earth in 1938. Fourteen years ago, he built his ark when he was sure a flood was due in 1933. Since then, he maintains, angels have been appearing in greater numbers in his dreams. In the sixty-foot ark he has installed a motor but no rudder. In one room are an old piano and numerous uniforms. He is working on patches of the boat now, buying materials with his $17 monthly old-age pension. The only escape for the world, says Greenwood, is to eat raw potatoes.

* * *

Chuckling as he puffed his curved pipe, **J. P. Morgan** parried with reporters on his return from a four-months' European vacation. Told by newsmen that they thought he might care to say something about the Presidential election, the financier replied: "You didn't think any such thing." Asked what he thought about various European matters, Morgan laughed: "I don't think."

* * *

While preparations were being made for her initial starring rôle in a motion-picture, **Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink**, seventy-five, "grand old woman of the concert and operatic stage," died in her Hollywood home. One of the most beloved women in America, equally popular in and out of her profession, the singer ended a career of fifty years. She had six children surviving, eleven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. The contralto was known as "mother" to American World War veterans in whom she always displayed much interest. "Life's too short," Mme. Schumann-Heink said recently. "I am past seventy, and yet I pray God for a few more years in which to bring some sunshine and happiness into the lives of the people."

* * *

Joining the group which includes Margaret Sanger, Amelia Earhart, Frances Perkins, Mrs. Dwight F. Davis (formerly Mrs. Charles H. Sabin) and Mrs. Ogden Reid, **Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve** of Barnard College received the sixth annual gold medal award by the American Women's Association for outstanding achievement in her own field. "We recognize you," the citation said, "as a gifted scholar in varied fields of English and Latin literature, but we honor you still more for your vision, which has broadened the scope of women's opportunities."

* * *

"I feel that almost every human being —with the exception of my three children— is a potential criminal," declared **Mrs. Marie Belloc-Lowndes**, English author. "Opportunity makes the criminal. Anybody might commit murder if the occasion arose." She said the secret of the appeal of the mystery story lay in this fact.

* * *

Punting, drop-kicking and "high kicks" matched toes, speed and height when **Martha O'Driscoll**, Universal starlet of the films, took to the field in a leg-swinging contest with **Elvin Hutchinson**, dynamic quarter-back of Whittier College, California, football team.

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Sports

STANFORD EDITOR VS. FOOTBALL FANS

Calls Team "Big Business" and Denies Its Amateur Standing

The week before the big game with the University of California, the *Stanford Daily* ordinarily would have been exhorting Stanford athletes to braver gridiron feats, rousing Stanford students to their highest pitch of enthusiasm. Instead, on a Monday morning, Irvin Jorgenson, the paper's fiery Editor, devoted an entire issue to "exposing" Stanford football as a big business rather than an amateur sport.

The first thing to strike the startled eyes of eds and co-eds as they settled down in their early morning classes was a full-page cartoon on page one depicting a Stanford player as a huge, ape-like monster surrounded by satellites of the stadium (see

L'ETAT, C'EST MOI

—Stanford Daily

cut). Gilman Gist, now well-paid Editor of *The Chaparral,* campus funny magazine, had drawn the cartoon a year ago for Robert Jones, then Editor of the *Daily* and to-day a United Press correspondent in Spain—but Jones, on second thought, shelved it.

Last week, backing up their cartoon, *Daily* Reporters told of the many businesses and rackets "Behind that Kick-Off." On page two, Bob Eisenbach related the story of the 1,500 persons who sell pop, work the score-board, police the roads to the field, sell tickets and serve as ushers. "The game? It's a mere bagatelle."

Exposé—Palo Alto's own Leonard Blaikie caused the greatest stir with an article revealing the "inside" of Stanford's system of proselyting. Most students were entirely surprized and probably no little disillusioned to learn of the network of contact men, and the "Tiny Buck-of-the-Month Club." The latter, founded by four San Francisco newspaper men, is an organization of Stanford alumni each of whom must pay at least a dollar a month to donate scholarships to participants in Stanford's four major sports. Stated exposer Blaikie, "From June 20, 1935, to June 20, 1936, the Buck-keeper, Tom Irwin, *Chronicle* sports writer, disbursed $8,086.50 for tuition to twenty-five football players, six track men, six basketball men, and three baseball men."

Despite Editor Jorgenson's debunking, pregame feeling ran so high on Stanford and California campuses that Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior in the Hoover Cabinet and President of Stanford, threatened to have the game called off. Three California students had been slugged trying to prevent a mob of 100 Stanfordites from daubing red paint on California's golden C, a huge hillside emblem overlooking the stadium. In retaliation Californians, using acid, burned Stanford's lawns with large C's. The denouement arrived when President Wilbur learned that 3,000 California students were planning to raid the Stanford campus.

Classification—The *Daily's* contention that Stanford football is a business gave point to an article by John R. Tunis, in the November issue of *The American Mercury,* which classified college football teams as amateur, semiprofessional and professional. Stanford, Minnesota, Fordham, Northwestern, Marquette, Pittsburgh and Alabama were among those in the "professional" list. All (except Stanford) now rate among the first ten teams in the country.

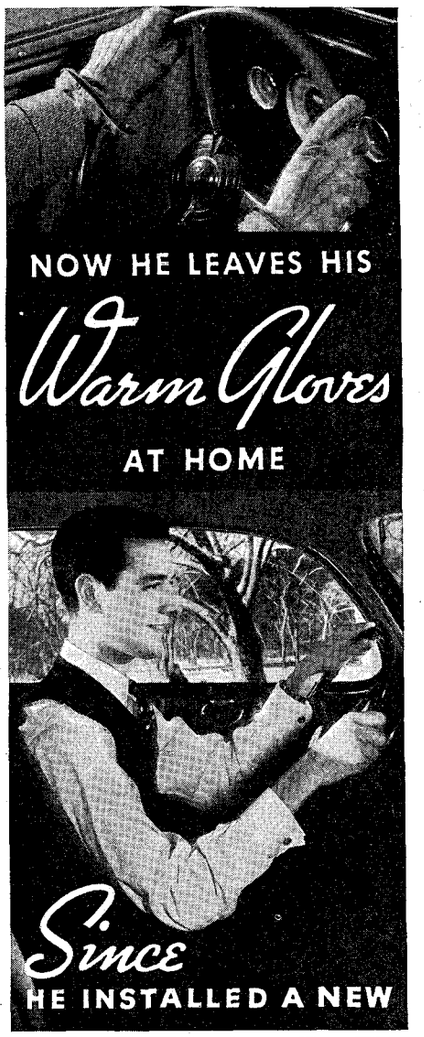
Tunis's article aroused editors of college papers to fighting pitch. Unlike Jorgenson, of Stanford, they were ready to affirm the amateur status of their institutions. Most irate was Editor Bob Devany, of the *Minnesota Daily.* He said: "Professional muck-rakers of the ilk best typified by John R. Tunis have a penchant for hurling charges of proselyting at schools with winning football teams.

"The University of Minnesota, with its great teams during the past three years, has been an ideal target for the debunkers. They completely ignore the facts, however. Of the best fifty-two men of the present Minnesota squad, forty-five are from Minnesota, four are from Wisconsin, and North Dakota, Michigan and Ohio each has one representative. Members of the Minnesota team last year were scholastically above the general average for men students.

Jobs—"Any university naturally requires a certain amount of student employment, and Minnesota is no exception. Naturally some of this goes to athletes, but not all, by any means. The scores of student waiters, janitors, library and research assistants who are not athletes is evidence that no discrimination is shown.

"Such facts as these speak for themselves. Proselyting at Minnesota, at least, is a hollow and empty explanation of a truly remarkable athletic record."

Editor James A. Donovan, of the *Fordham Ram,* was not as bitter as Devany. He was, however, just as pained. He editorialized: "There is the possibility that Fordham is not paying $60 or $80 a month to her players, as Mr. Tunis dogmatically asserted. But such a possibility is most remote, for altho our graduate manager and players deny it, and there are no facts to



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prove it, Mr. Tunis has it on 'good authority' that there is cash subsidization. Which just about clinches the argument.

"It is most fortunate for American football lovers to have an oracle on hand who, on the passing of a small gratuity, can sagely classify Fordham as 'Professional' or Notre Dame, Purdue and Yale as 'Semi-pro.' It helps to stop that 'corrupting of schoolboys' which Mr. Tunis so tearfully deplores."

Reply—Ronald E. Huth, Editor of the Marquette University *Tribune,* likewise had a word for Mr. Tunis, ex-tennis reporter on the New York *Times:* "Quack writers and tennis experts to the contrary notwithstanding, proselyting of athletes is not a major problem in most universities and colleges.

"At Marquette University, coaches make it a point to address high school football dinners in the Greater Milwaukee area and to interest young men, if possible, in their school.

"Efforts are made to secure work, meal jobs mostly, for willing youths. But the same efforts are made to secure non-athletes as students, and to assist them through the student employment bureau. There is nothing serious about the situation at Marquette, or at any other major Mid-western school, so far as we know."

Thus, angrily, college editors dismissed the problem of subsidization. In 1929, however, the Carnegie Foundation, not willing to dismiss the situation so quickly, carried on a lengthy investigation. It discovered, among other things, that "Chick" Meehan, then Coach at New York University, had obtained campus jobs paying $10 a week for some of his star players. On receiving this intelligence at a faculty meeting, one of the Regents of the University arose to remark:

"Mr. Meehan must be a genius to get such fine football players for so little money. There should be a more important place for him in this university."

As for Stanford, its team blithely went ahead with arrangements to follow up the big game by a trip East to play Columbia in New York on November 28.

BIKE GRIND: Six-Day Racers Go Round an' Round and Come Out Thousands of Dollars Richer

Maddest of the goofy sports, boasting a slim edge of sanity over tree-sitting, marathon-dancing and beer-guzzling against time, six-day bicycle racing moves east from Chicago this Sunday for the first of two annual winter whirls in New York City's Madison Square Garden.

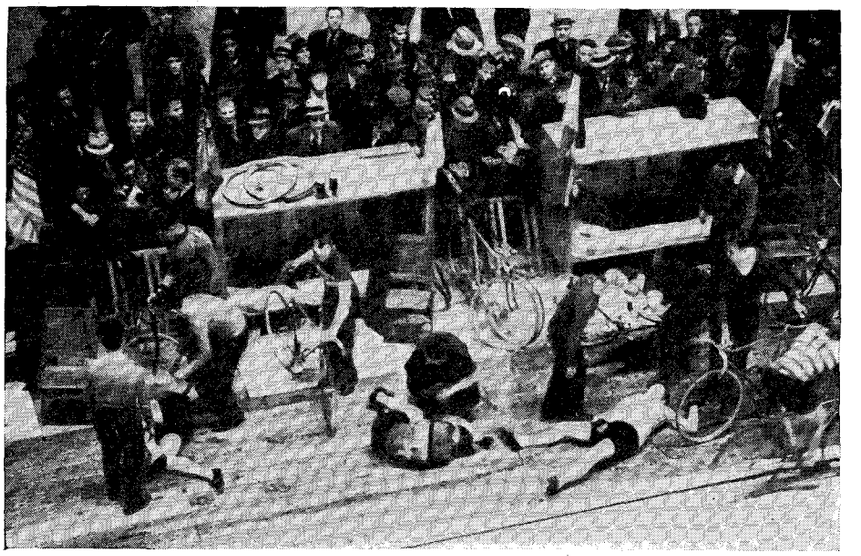
In a nightmarish maelstrom of splinter-collecting spills and furious sprints, relieved by grim, early-morning spells of lackadaisical pedaling, fifteen two-man teams representing Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Canada and the United States will tool their hand-made bikes around a 200-yard wooden saucer for 146 continuous hours.

Round an' Round—For six days and six nights, they will eat, sleep and entertain themselves within constant view of shifting mobs who find the amazing merry-go-round a fascinating confusion of color and smell and sound unequaled in the sports world. But mainly the boys will ride—more than 2,000 miles for each surviving team. And wind up exactly where they started.

To the first-time customer attracted by the amusement-park atmosphere of blaring music, the noisy jumble of roaring crowds and whirring bicycle tires, and the phenomenon of weary riders catching brief snatches of sleep in open-air bunks, the whole mad bedlam doesn't make sense. Most of the time, they don't even know who's winning, so rapidly do the hunch-backed cyclists pass and repass each other.

But to the gentlemen to whom six-day riding is a regular business, it makes plenty of sense. And dollars. A crack rider like Alfred Letourner, of France, or "Torchy" Peden, the Canadian, can knock down $25,000 a year.

During the five-month indoor season a rider can work around the circuit with seldom more than a week's interval between races. The high spots are at New York and Chicago, but there are smaller races in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Minneapolis and Toronto. If he's good enough, he may get a chance to ride in the big races in Paris and London, or in lesser ones throughout Europe.



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"Jams" and spills are part of the fun at the goofy 2,000-mile merry-go-round

Earnings—Working under contract to promoters, a rider gets from $100 to $500 a day, depending on his skill and his popularity with the fans. Alfred Goullet, who, with his partner, Alfred Grenda, set an all-time record of 2,759 miles and two laps in the 142-hour race of 1914, was worth $1,000 a day.

Sprints of two miles each give the boys a chance to boost their income by racing at top speed for cash prizes of from $5 to $500, offered by spectators or merchants who like to hear their names come booming over the loud-speakers. Usually there are five series of ten sprints every twenty-four hours.

Winning a sprint means six points for the team, except on the last day, when it's worth twelve. During the final hour it jumps to seventy-two. Since the total mileage covered in 146 hours determines the winner, sprint points are figured in only in case of a tie.

To win the grueling grind, a team has to steal laps on the rest of the field. Now and then, while the boys are pedaling along at a sedate twenty-five miles an hour, some one will suddenly break away and dash off at forty or forty-five in an effort to lap the others. The inevitable scramble to prevent such larceny is technically known as a "jam."

One way of stopping a lap-theft, when the officials aren't looking, is to spill deliberately. Laps can't be gained unless the field is complete. But lately, since the penalizing of George Dempsey two years ago, "spill guys" haven't been operating as conspicuously as they once did.

Hours—For eight years after the first international six-day race in 1891, the whirling marathon was a one-man affair. By the end of the week, most of the riders were either crippled or completely exhausted. In 1898, after Charlie Miller had run the opposition ragged for the second straight year, the New York State Legislature passed an act forbidding a competitor to ride more than twelve hours a day.

Two-man teams have been used ever since. Riders can take time out to sleep and eat at their own discretion. But neither can keep going for a total of more than twelve hours of the twenty-four.

Riders average about four hours' sleep per day. And eat eight or ten times. Good, solid food like steaks and chops. Some of them actually gain weight during a six-day race, but the majority plainly show the obvious effects of the terrific physical strain they have undergone.

Theoretically, the race is going on all the time. But riders have a gentleman's agreement not to start any "jams" during the early morning hours. They have to catch up on their letter-reading and dozing, then. As far as spectators are concerned, the race is off between five and six every morning and evening.

They have to clear out to give the scrub-women a chance to clean up the arena. Newspaper men can stay, tho.

Foreigners—Better than half the supply of fewer than 200 riders available throughout the world for six-day races in this country are foreigners. Most of them hardened their endurance and muscles on the prodigious road races of which Frenchmen and Italians are so fond.

Emile Ignat and Emile Diot, who won

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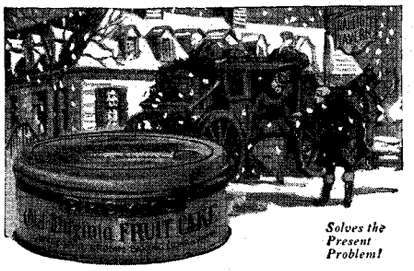

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the Chicago race a fortnight ago; Alfred Letourner, another Frenchman; Gerard Debaets, the Belgian; Learco Guerra, of Italy, and a score of other top-notch riders have competed in the Tour de France, most famous of the long-distance events abroad.

Currently, the most successful team operating in America's indoor marathons is that of Gustav Kilian, twenty-nine, and Heinz Vopel, twenty-eight. Until they placed second in the recent Chicago affair, the German riders had won nine straight six-day races: two in Chicago, two in New York, two in Montreal, and others in Pittsburgh, Milwaukee and London.

Partners—Teams don't work together steadily for any length of time, as a rule. If one partner gets much better, or the other begins to slip, a change is made. Consequently, riders are not denied the individual acclaim accorded champions in one-man sports like tennis and golf.

Most famous of the North American riders is a huge, thirty-year-old redhead named William "Torchy" Peden, of Victoria, British Columbia. A member of the 1928 Canadian Olympic cycling team, Peden turned professional soon afterward, and stunned old-timers by winning ten of his first fourteen six-day races. Altogether, he has come in first in twenty-seven.

Clowning—Because, in addition to being an outstanding rider, Peden likes to amuse spectators during lulls by snatching off their hats as he rides past, or making his bicycle jump up and down like a bucking horse, his value as a drawing-card is high. Independently wealthy, he rides, according to rumor, just for the fun of it. For his fun, he averages $1,000 for each of his sixteen races a year, and can make another $4,000 for appearances at outdoor shows during the summer.

His brother, Doug, was a member of the Canadian Olympic basketball team last summer, and has been a professional bike rider for the past three months. Teamed with "Torchy," the twenty-year-old rider finished sixth at Chicago. He won't be in the New York race. "Torchy" doesn't think he has had enough experience for that.

Equipment—The bikes supporting a six-foot-two, 230-pounder like the elder Peden are delicate, hand-made affairs weighing only nineteen pounds and composed of 1,400 different parts. They cost $100. A team uses six during a race.

For indoor racing, riders use slender, inner-tube tires made of sturdy cotton cording faced with a thin surface of rubber. Outdoors, they use tires with side-walls of silk, which are faster but considered too dangerous for indoor use.

Specially made, the cord racing tires cost $5 a pair. Teams usually wear out four pairs during a race.

Unlike automobile tires, bicycle-racing shoes are almost as hard as the boards over which they streak. Automobile tires are usually inflated to 35 pounds. Bike tires carry between 150 and 160 pounds of pressure.

A blow-out at speed is bad news. Particularly during a "jam," when a spill may send five or six bikes into a tangle, and their riders sprawling over the boards with broken arms, floor burns or bad splinters. For all its spills and serious injuries, six-day bicycle racing has had only one fatality, in 1908, when Urban MacDonald, a Scotsman, was fatally hurt at the old Madison Square Garden.

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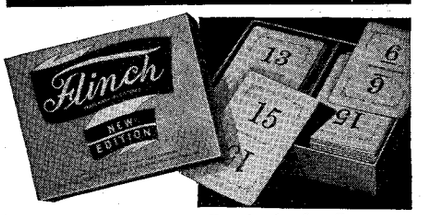

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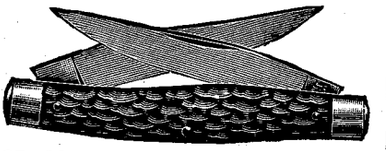

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INDUSTRIAL NEW ENGLAND CARRIES ON

Its Council, Led by Six Governors, Conquers Obstacles

With sinking hearts, Manchester, New Hampshire, townfolk last September watched the sprawling Amoskeag Mills plant gasp its last corporate gasp. Eighteen thousand bread-winners had gleaned their livelihood from Amoskeag, once the world's mightiest textile factory. Newspaper readers throughout the country commiserated, "Poor Manchester." Many said, "Poor old New England."

But Manchester wasted no time pitying itself.

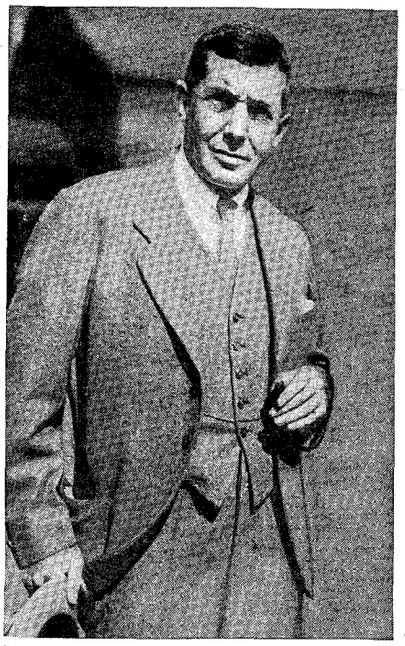
Speedily a Citizens' Committee headed by the city's one-time Mayor, Arthur E. Moreau, raised $500,000 from local and State industry, relayed it to Amoskeag's receivers in part payment on the $5,000,000 purchase price for the defunct textile company's abandoned mills. Under the name of Amoskeag Industries, Inc., the Citizens' Committee set about enticing new manufacturers to the sixteen empty buildings on the Merrimac, to the hundreds of silent looms housed in them.

Last week, the Committee's labors bore fruit. The Pacific Mills, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, leased one-fourth of the ninety-two available acres of old Amoskeag plant space, promised to set the machinery whirring at once, promised further to have 1,500 Manchester textile workers drawing pay by New Year's day.* Eventually, Pacific would give jobs to 2,500.

The Citizens' Committee then turned to negotiation with the Pepperell Manufacturing Co., indicated that smoke soon would pour again from chimneys of two more old Amoskeag mills. Thanksgiving had indeed come a week ahead of schedule.

But Manchester was not the only community that had cause for thanksgiving.

Economies—In Fall River, Massachusetts, bankruptcy or removal of large textile manufacturers had transformed acres of plant space into industrial cemeteries. The State stepped in. As a virtual receiver, it clipped 38 per cent. from the community's expenditures, 47 per cent. from its debt service, thus permitting reduction of taxes to attract new industry.



Pictures, Inc.

John S. Lawrence: Council's first President

Then Fall River cut the weeds about its gaunt, empty mills, painted their scarred and dingy walls, divided buildings of 1,500,000 feet of space into units of 10,000 and 20,000 feet. This done, the community went resolutely after makers of paint, clothing, hardware. In consequence, pay-rolls moved upward all through the depression.

In Waltham, Massachusetts, factories occupying more than 1,000,000 feet of space shut their doors. The Waltham Chamber of Commerce helped induce sixteen small firms to occupy all but 45,000 feet of this space. Now the small firms employ twice as many workers as did the old, large mills.

In Lawrence, Lowell, Westfield and West Warren, Massachusetts; in New Haven, Connecticut, and Woonsocket, Rhode Island, Citizens' Committees returned some 1,150 acres of abandoned factory space to productive uses.

In these and in other New England communities, the pattern for wooing and winning new industries had been suspiciously uniform—so that an industrial researcher could logically expect to uncover a coordinating agency that had inspired industrial and municipal teamwork. That, the researcher would find, is the New England Council.

Celebration—Last week in the Statler Hotel, Boston, New England's six Governors* and representatives of the 100-odd development departments in Chambers of Commerce, utilities and railroads which make up the New England Council, held the organization's twelfth annual conference. Proudly, the Council's executives discussed the accomplishments of the last decade.

Tuck Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut into a corner of Texas, and you will still have more than three-quarters of Texas to spare. New England occupies only 2 per cent. of the nation's area, has only 6.6 per cent. of its population. Yet New England banks hold 20 per cent. of the country's savings, its industries account for 11 per cent. of the national income from manufacturing.

Tradition—In this industrial percentage lies the story of New England's travail and rehabilitation. Once the region had a monopoly of the nation's manufacturing. For almost a century, however, its industry kept shrinking as factories moved away or grew up elsewhere. This did not mean that New England had stopped growing, only that the rest of the country was growing faster.

But New England's percentage slice of the nation's manufacturing pie stopped shrinking and actually began to expand when shrewd Yankee brains devised a scheme of regional self-help which clicked from the start because it was built around New England's six Governors. The scheme was the New England Council. It enlisted Governors' and business leaders' aid by posing these alternatives: help New England help itself, or encourage an increasingly powerful Federal Government to take a hand in our affairs.

New Englanders chose self-help.

First, the Council organized a research staff, discovered at once that New England's vacation business ranked next in importance to manufacturing. (More than 50 per cent. of the region's wages and salaries derive from its mills and factories.) Income from vacationists far exceeded that from agriculture, fishing and merchandising. So the Council inaugurated an educational campaign to sell its lakes, forests and mountains to the rest of America. State Legislatures helped with funds. Last year, the Council supervised the spending of a $150,000 advertising budget, helped attract 3,000,000 vacationists who spent an estimated half billion dollars.

Conclusions—The New England Council's researchers found that high taxes retarded industrial growth, organized 287 local taxpayers' associations, through them pared taxes $135,000,000, chiefly by reducing debt service charges, by instituting pay-as-you-go policies. The research staff discovered, too, that the gloomy miles of textile looms

*Manchester's gain was not Lawrence's loss, since Pacific was opening additional mills in Manchester, not closing any in Lawrence.

*James M. Curley of Massachusetts; Louis J. Brann, Maine; H. Styles Bridges, New Hampshire; Charles M. Smith, Vermont; Theodore Francis Green, Rhode Island, and Wilbur L. Cross, Connecticut.

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Looms soon whir again in Amoskeag's abandoned mills

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employed relatively few people, paid relatively low wages. The Council helped replace them with small diversified industries which employ more highly skilled labor, pay better wages.

From its studies grew a master file of every known vacant industrial property. With the aid of the file, Council executives now find the spot that best suits the economic and geographic requirements of prospective industrial tenants. In this way, the Council reduces friction between rival localities. Also, it attracts industry by legitimate inducements rather than by concessions. Concessions are *verboten.*

Also *verboten* are campaigns to "buy at home," "buy in New England." For a region that depends largely on exports of manufactured articles to the rest of the country, a buy-at-home campaign does not make good sense, the Council figures.

The Council prodded manufacturers to adopt the successful practises of the more thriving producers, to modernize plant equipment, to develop new products. The organization took a hand in encouraging infant industries.

The New England Council proved it was on the right track. For the period 1926-'34, New England's net gain was 1,829 new plants, 44,456 new jobs.

Men—Unlike most organizations, the driving force behind the New England Council is not one man, but a group of men.

Generally credited with instigating the meetings between New England industrialists which crystallized into the Council is John Silsby Lawrence, banker, mill-owner, yachtsman. Lawrence descends from a line of Yankee shipping men who went into textiles when steam crowded sail from the seas. His family gave its name to Lawrence, Massachusetts, also to Lawrence, Kansas, and he numbers among his kinsmen President Emeritus A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard and Bishop William Lawrence of the Episcopal Church. Naturally the robust, broad-shouldered aristocrat felt keenly the disintegration of his native New England. He became the Council's first President, served long hours.

At fifty-eight, Lawrence limps slightly from a leg injury, peers frankly through steel-rimmed glasses from under a gray shock of hair. When not helping to design a cup-defending yacht, he collects marine paintings, marine literature, takes a hand in guiding the Boston *Transcript*, of which he is majority stockholder.

Filene—In contrast with the aristocratic tradition of Lawrence is Lincoln Filene, helpmate of the Council's first President in the early days of its growth. Filene is the son of a Jewish immigrant who laid the foundation for the present flourishing William Filene Sons Co. department store in Boston. Filene owes much to research. To find out why his department store lost customers, Filene asked patrons why they bought outside of New England. He pursuaded the New England Council to do the same thing on a larger scale. When the Council found out, sales went up.

Lincoln Filene's name originally was Abraham Lincoln Filene, but was shortened a few years ago by court permission. At seventy-one, he looks fifty-five, has the ruddy complexion of an outdoor enthusiast, altho his numerous activities keep him for long hours at his desk. Once Filene purchased a heavily wooded plot at Weston, built a giant shingled home there. He found it too large, built a smaller bungalow on a rocky hill a short distance away. To his book-lined living-room he invites industrial and other leaders, holds intimate seminars on a hundred and one subjects.

Knox—Figuring also in the early days of the Council was Col. Frank Knox, then active publisher of the Manchester (New Hampshire) *Union.* At the first meeting of the Council's Directors in 1926, Knox raised himself and wanted to know: "Where are the newspaper reporters?"

These men and others gave its start to the Council. Dudley Harmon, a lean, six-foot, three-inch Connecticut Yankee, gave its momentum. Harmon is Executive Vice-President. Friends introduce him around as the man who read "Anthony Adverse" in one evening. Harmon once headed the Washington Bureau of the New York *Sun,* edited the Washington news for *The Ladies Home Journal.* Colleagues in the Council consider him a complete filing-system, delight in promptly getting from him obscure New England facts and figures. Under the stress of the day's labors, his loosely knotted tie slides under one ear, gets its end tangled with the Phi Beta Kappa key dangling on his vest.

Carter—Equally intense is Winthrop Lakey Carter, New Hampshire manufacturer of paper products who this week is yielding the Council Presidency to James W. Hook, native Iowan and one-time newspaper editor for "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Carter mixes photography and golfing with an insatiable appetite for flying. He has flown on virtually every air-line in Europe, South America and the United States, was first to take color moving-pictures from a plane while flying over the Andes from Argentina to Chile. By playing in the morning on the Salton Sea Course in Utah and flying to his home course at Mount Washington in New Hampshire, Carter played golf in the lowest and in one of the highest courses in America in twenty-four hours.

NEW DEAL BUSINESS:

Angell and Aldrich Advise Co-operation With Roosevelt

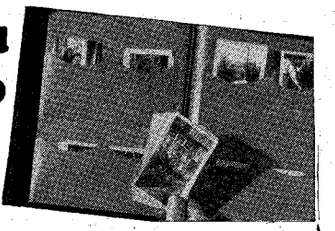
In the great balconied ballroom of New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel one night last week, six hundred "economic royalists," church dignitaries, and Government officials stared in thoughtful surprize through the haze of after-dinner cigars, listened with sober attention to weighty words of post-Election caution and advice.

To them, James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University, flatly prophesied "completer socialization of our resources and methods . . . larger surrender of individual privilege . . . something definitely beginning to resemble a collectivist State."

For them, Winthrop Williams Aldrich, Chairman of Chase National, America's greatest bank, advised acceptance without fear of further regulation of business "in the interest of social betterment," declared that "we should stand ready to do everything in our power to further those measures which are wisely calculated to achieve their objectives."

The speakers were addressing the conservative and potent Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York at its 169th annual dinner. Frankly, both hung their forecasts and their counsel on interpretations of the recent Roosevelt victory at the polls. Significantly, their outspoken estimates of the meaning of that victory were

You Too



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in accord with other current developments indicative of new willingness of industry to cooperate with the Administration.

Assurance—Earlier on the same day, at Washington, two groups of industrialists had given assurance of such cooperation in the work of reemployment. Said the once rebellious Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce: "We accept the responsibilities placed upon us by the President." Said the chief executive of the anti-New Deal National Association of Manufacturers: "In every respect, I am confident that manufacturers of the nation will agree with President Roosevelt's suggestion" that industry employ more unskilled and older workers.

Emphasizing those and many similar evidences of newly modified antagonism to Administration policies, the outgivings of Doctor Angell and Banker Aldrich in New York were widely impressive. Warningly, Yale's head declared that if the good things

Yale's Angell . . . pontificates

of life can not be distributed with reasonable justice and due regard to the social service actually rendered, "we may look for some form of dictatorial control and with its coming the destruction of many of the highest spiritual values of life."

Optimism — Surprizingly, the Chase National Bank's Chairman expressed the opinion that the underlying factor in the present quickening of business activity is wide-spread belief that the existing Administration is pledged to "protect those among us who are least able to protect themselves." Moreover:

"If we wish to avoid the dangers inherent in centralized authority or prescriptive regulation, every man in responsible position must . . . guide his actions according to his best estimate of the public good."

Yet Banker Aldrich added a sturdy disclaimer of surrender, a denial that his attitude means change forced by the Election verdict. "Few, if any, leaders in the business life of America," he asserted, "would claim the right to take advantage of their fellow Americans by exploitation or abuse of power. Whenever such charges have been made in general terms, they have been justly resented. The great majority of American industrialists and bankers have followed a policy precisely the reverse of exploitation or the irresponsible exercise of power."

PLATINUM: Wall Street's New Trading Certificates Survive Wild Price Gyration

Last August, the price of platinum skyrocketed. From a moderate $43 an ounce, it soared to $70—twice the price of gold. Then, just as precipitately, in September, prices for the white metal plummeted. Last week, the cost was $48 an ounce.

Jewelers, who constitute almost half of America's wholesale market for platinum, and the chemical and electrical industries, which use another third, watched the market's gyrations with amazement. Trade publications described them as "high jinks in platinum." The *Engineering and Mining Journal*, discerning the fine hand of Wall Street, commented, "midsummer madness."

That platinum prices were cutting high jinks, no observer could deny. That the fluctuations constituted midsummer madness could be disputed, however.

Brothers—Behind the platinum market's rise and fall were two brothers and one idea. The brothers were Alexander and Leo Eisemann, partners in the New York Stock Exchange firm of Alexander Eisemann and Co. The idea was to issue negotiable certificates (warehouse receipts), representing deposits of platinum in a bank vault.

The plan permits inflation-wary investors to obtain a precious metal which, like gold, will not deteriorate, will always be in demand. In addition, it permits speculation. The outbreak of war would inflate platinum prices, because the metal is used in detonating devices on bombs. (During the World War, it cost $105 an ounce; later it climbed to $170.)

The Eisemann brothers learned about business in their father's ostrich importing company; later, they pioneered in radio manufacturing. With their earnings, they had dabbled in stocks. Three years before the stock market collapsed in 1929, they reasoned that their merchandising experience had fitted them for careers in Wall Street. So they sold their radio factory and entered a brokerage house. In 1932, they formed their own firm to deal in stocks, cotton and other commodities.

Scheme—To the brothers last May a friend from the International Platinum Corporation broached a modest scheme. The Government had called in gold. What were corporations now using as substitutes for the $10 and $20 gold pieces once distributed to directors after board meetings? Obviously, they were using currency. And this, argued the friend, ruffled directorial pride. It was too much like a tip.

So the friend asked: Why not put $10 and $20 worth of platinum in coins, stamp them with the names of issuing corporations for distribution to directors?

That idea, the Eisemanns decided, could wait. But it gave them another. They formed a syndicate, raised and spent an estimated $175,000 on 5,000 ounces of platinum at the then market price of $35 an ounce. Next, they hired Handy and Harman, metal brokers, to assay the platinum bullion, to cut it up into three-ounce plates, an eighth of an inch thick. These plates, dubbed ingots, were placed in the vaults of the Chemical Safe Deposit Co., New York, which issued certificates against them—one certificate for each ingot. The Eisemann firm circularized brokerage houses in twenty cities, and with their aid proceeded to sell the certificates.

Investors—An investor in Milwaukee, for instance, could thereafter purchase a platinum ingot through his local broker.

For this platinum (*i.e.* for the certificate which evidenced ownership) he would pay 10 per cent. above the open market price for the white metal.

Currently, the open price of platinum is $48 an ounce. The investor in a certificate therefore pays $52.80. The 10 per cent. "spread" covers a host of costs: 6 per cent. to the broker, commission to buying agents who obtain the bulk platinum, charges for assaying the metal, profits to the Eisemann firm.

To obtain his platinum, the certificate holder merely takes or mails his certificate to the Chemical Safe Deposit Co. To dispose of his platinum after getting it, he must shop around for a buyer, perhaps a jeweler or a dentist. The certificate holder may, however, sell his certificate back to the Eisemann Co. at a discount, thus cashing in on his investment without taking possession of the metal.

After its launching, however, the Eisemann platinum trading venture promptly ran into difficulties.

Producers—Experts guess (they only have a rough idea) that Russia, Canada, Colombia and South Africa combined produce approximately 300,000 ounces of platinum annually. Whether Russia or Canada is the leading producer is not known.

Russia jealously guards its platinum for war needs, therefore, gives out no statistics, does not figure in the market. Producers in Colombia, Canada and South Africa sell directly to industrial users through a small number of agents such as Johnson and Matthey, of London, and Baker and Co., of Newark, New Jersey.

Because estimated world consumption lags behind platinum production (only 179,800 of the 300,000 ounces produced were used last year), prices are rigorously controlled by the selling agents to prevent demoralization of the market. Producers and their agents seek to keep prices from going so high that buyers will shift to other metals (gold, white gold). They were quick to see that Wall Street's entrance into the platinum picture might take price control out of the price-fixing syndicate's hands. Certificate holders might dump their platinum.

Therefore producers and agents eyed the Eisemann venture with apprehension. In defense, they pushed prices forward to prevent the brothers from obtaining more platinum on which to issue certificates.

Sky-Rocketing Market—Up went platinum. It hit $70 in September, hovered there until October.

The move halted the Eisemanns, but did not put them out of business. If they sold certificates at market ($70) and prices subsequently dropped, they knew they would lose the confidence of their new clients. But they held on to their platinum, sat tight, made a limited market for the certificates by offering to buy them back at $50.

Last week, the Eisemann brothers and the syndicate which establishes platinum prices reached an understanding. The Eisemanns now can obtain platinum at the market, are free to push their trading in certificates. Soon, even, they expect platinum certificates may be listed and traded on New York commodity exchanges.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

timely and well-written article, it is to be hoped that an aroused citizenry will see to it that similar laws are passed in other States.

While dictators in Europe are passing out special gifts to parents of large families, we are allowing some selfish landlords to penalize those who defy rising costs of living, help lift a falling birth rate.

Please be assured this letter is not from an agitator, but from the resident of a "de luxe Park Avenue type of apartment," which you claim is the one type banning children in New York. That's where you're wrong! If you are willing to pay $2,500 or more per year, they'll let you have children.

New York City. PARK AVENUE TYPE.

Confiscatory

Sir:—A recent letter (October 24 issue) to THE LITERARY DIGEST, signed, "Yours for Americanism, Henry J. Brady," protests your treatment of the Mexican land redistribution, which he calls "confiscation."

Several years ago, similar protests came from those high in the Government of the United States. Charles Warren, the historian of the Supreme Court, discussed the question in *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1927.

Mr. Warren cited a score of cases in which the United States Supreme Court approved the confiscation of private property in the interest of the public welfare. If Mr. Brady will read that article, he should have a better understanding of his Americanism.

Seattle. PHILIP RILEY, JR.

Diamonds

Sir:—I have been requested by out-of-town jeweler friends to call your attention to a slight inaccuracy in your article, "Stable Diamonds," in the September 26 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

The retail cost of a one-carat diamond, which is a gem, blue-white, varies as follows: 1926, $625; 1929, $850; 1932, $500; 1935, $600; 1936, $725.

On the other hand, there was a much greater devaluation of the very small stones running 80 to 100 stones to the carat: 1926, $450; 1929, $600; 1932, $175; 1935, $200; 1936, $225.

New York City. KENNETH VAN COTT, General Manager of Marcus & Co.

Pacifists and/or Patriots

Sir:—Under "Education," in your November 14 issue, you glibly lead off an article with these words: "On college campuses throughout the nation, no institution has aroused more bitter tooth-and-nail scrapping between pacifists and patriots than compulsory military training . . ."

Will you kindly explain the difference between a pacifist and a patriot? Is it that a pacifist does not love his country, or do you mean that a patriot cannot love peace?

Funk & Wagnall's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language, which you undoubtedly use for style, defines pacifist: "One who advocates a policy of peace as opposed to militarism."

A patriot, your dictionary says, is: "One who loves his country and zealously supports and upholds its institutions and interests; hence, any defender of popular liberty, civil or religious . . ."

Word-quibbling, even with such a word mongering institution as THE LITERARY DIGEST, is little in itself. But this matter concerns an educational problem and, on such,

"I'LL TAKE THAT ONE"

—Pierotti in N. Y. World-Telegram

"OH, REDSKIN!"

—Peter Arno in "Enjoyment of Humor" (Simon & Schuster)

THE DIGEST should be impartial, unbiased, fair and *exact*. JOSEPHINE CLAYTON.

Louisville, Kentucky.

Score for Miss Clayton.—Editor.

An Elegy in a Political Graveyard

(With apologies to Thomas Gray)

Jim Farley tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing Smiths wind slowly o'er the lea,
The Coughlins homeward plod their weary way;
And leave the earth to Roosevelt and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the Hearsts a solemn stillness hold,
Save where the Hoovers wheel their droning flight,
And drowsy Landons lull the distant fold.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
Does weeping Moses to the moon complain,
Of such as wandering near his party's bower,
Molest his ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that D. C. shade,
Where heaves the earth in many a muttering heap,
Each in his gloomy cell forever laid,
The sad Old Guarders of the party sleep.

No more for them the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or DIGEST STRAW VOTES soothe their evening care,
Nor voters run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied dough to share.

Homer, Louisiana. E. H. FORTSON.

Epitaph: Here rests the last of political verse this editor will publish.

Social Security Act, Title IX

Sir:—In your November 7 issue you gave a most interesting résumé of the Federal Social Security Act. There is no doubt but that this Act will be attacked in a wholesale fashion from the Left and the Right.

However, what interests me immediately is your statement that charitable institutions and non-profit corporations are not subject to the Act. When I consulted what is reputed to be a copy of the Act, I failed to find any reference to non-profit organizations, altho, in the very nature of things, I should expect your statement to be logically correct.

If you can do so, I would like to have you deal further with this phase of the Act.

Kansas City, Missouri. J. MACLAUGHLIN, Mid-Western Motor Freight Tariff Bureau.

Under Title IX, section 203, of the Social Security Act, wages received in certain employment, or for certain "services," are exempted from the tax for Old-Age Benefits and are not qualified for the Benefits. In paragraph six of this section, the Act says specifically: ". . . service performed in the employ of a corporation, community chest, fund or foundation, organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes, or for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals, no part of the net earnings of which inures to the benefit of any private shareholder or individual."

THE LITERARY DIGEST summed this up: ". . . employees of non-profit, charitable and institutional groups."—Editor.

Light Brigade

Sir:—In a comment on "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in THE LITERARY DIGEST of November 7, William Sheppard of Charleston, South Carolina, says: "Here in our cemetery we have buried John H. L. Fuller, the only member of the gallant 600 that charged at Balaklava, Russia, buried in America."

But here in Nevada, lies the body of William C. Harris, born in Exeter, England, in 1830 . . . and who participated in the famous charge. Mr. Harris died in Nevada in 1900, leaving a full record of his war activities.

Nevada, Iowa. CHARLES E. ARMSTRONG.

The King

Sir:—Contrary to "An Old Subscriber's" opinion, I think your articles on the King and Mrs. Simpson have been in excellent taste. Your magazine is expected to offer current news interesting to its readers. With the doings of the King uppermost in many people's minds, it is impossible for you to disregard this issue. You have presented the situation handsomely.

Ozone Park, New York. MARY BENQUELL.

Christian Census?

Sir:—In the October 31 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, the Reverend Mr. Norroom, of Pierson, Florida, says: ". . . more than half the people of the United States are church members . . . More Christian news (in THE LITERARY DIGEST) would be appropriate."

With the best information, I can credit Christianity in the United States with only 40,000,000 adherents, while our population, I believe, is at least 125,000,000. As the LITERARY DIGEST is a review of general news and public opinion, why in the name of common sense should its readers want *more* Christian news? J. DANFORTH TAYLOR, M.D.

Orleans, Massachusetts.

Doodling

Sir:—In your issue of October 24, I was glad to see recognition given to table-cloth scribbling. A practise as wide-spread as this has at last come into its own when covered by THE DIGEST'S Letters and Art Department.

One frequently hears stories of artists and illustrators who scribbled while dining, whose "scribbles" were noticed, and who thus started their climb to fame.

"Doodling" is truly a form of American art.

New York City. J. PARKER.

Syphilis

Sir:—While those of us engaged in the fight for syphilis control are desirous of as much publicity as possible, it is nevertheless highly desirable that this publicity be accurate. . . . By implication, your article in the October 31 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST suggests that Doctor Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, believes that it may be possible by one new method of treatment to cure syphilis within three months—by another in two weeks.

The only treatment for early syphilis now approved by leaders of the medical profession requires approximately eighteen months for completion. The two methods which you mention, (1) the combination of artificial fever with the injection of chemicals and (2) the Chargin method of drop-by-drop injection of arsenical compounds, are both in the experimental stage. When a new method of treatment is developed, it requires many years of observation of patients in order to establish its value.

Baltimore. JOSEPH EARLE MOORE, M. D.

THE LITERARY DIGEST had no intention of implying that Doctor Parran believes syphilis can be cured in less than the prescribed time; was simply reporting the latest experimental work in this field, and sincerely hopes no sufferer from this disease will forsake conventional treatment to await the doubtful outcome of untested methods.—Editor.

Did You Know—

How G men among the bees deal with crime waves in the hives? (See page 19.)

That weather may make geniuses and maniacs? (See page 18.)

Where the click of billiard-balls supplants the cry of rare violins? (See page 24.)

That some American business men now use platinum for money? (See page 42.)

Where weary men eat, drink and sleep before cheering crowds? (See page 38.)

How Gladys Smith figured in a week of romances? (See page 32.)

Who paid $20,000 to take forty-nine persons to the movies? (See page 22.)

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WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Leila Bederkhan — dancer — as if spelled *lee'la bay'der-kahn.*

Edde—President of Lebanon (page 15)—as if spelled *eddy.*

Genthe—photographer (page 25)—hard *g*, silent *h: gen'teh.*

Halvdan Koht—Norwegian Foreign Minister—*hahlf'dahn,* then a long-drawn *coat: co-o-at.*

Mohammed Ali Abed—Syrian President (page 15)—*mo-hah'med ah'lee ah'bed.*

Mowinckel — former Norwegian premier—just *mo'winkle.*

von Ossietzky—figure in Nobel peace prize controversy—with *i* as *y: fun oss-yet'skee.*

Off-Side

Prosperity—Pawnbrokers throughout the world report business booming because so many items are being reclaimed. In London, the 227-year-old mace of Gravesend has been taken out of "hock," where it had been since 1851. In New York, pawnbrokers were offering the French Croix de Guerre medal for fifty cents.

* * *

Spelling—Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, President of the University of Kansas City, defends poor spellers. "I sometimes believe," he said, "that incorrect spelling is a sign of intelligence. A child learns that the plural of house is houses. Why is it not reasonable for the child to suppose the plural of mouse is mouses."

* * *

Orgy—A number of beer barrels fell from a brewer's lorry on Putney Hill, Wandsworth, England, and inquisitive cats and dogs scampered to see what it was all about. As the beer went flowing down the hill, they lapped it up copiously, later reeling down the hill themselves.

* * *

Modern Touch—The town of Ramsey on the Isle of Man has decided to modernize its customs. First step of the City Council was to repeal a fifty-year-old by-law providing that "no female shall bathe in the sea within a hundred yards of a male."

* * *

Crowded—Miss Laura Mellen, gray-haired housekeeper of a Hillsboro, New Hampshire, farmer, shares her bedroom with twenty-one cats. Each night several of them sleep at the foot of her bed while others are in boxes beside it.

* * *

Namesake—Paul Revere, pet rooster of Nelson Sherman, Binghamton, New York, heating-plant engineer, lived up to his name by sneaking a ride on his master's spare tire and crowing for twelve miles through the countryside.

* * *

Error—Two men lay on adjacent cots at the Perth City Hospital, Australia. A mistake in the identity of the pair led the wrong man to be taken to the operating room. As a result, he lost his teeth.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Consistent.—MARY: "And if I refuse you, Clarence, will you kill yourself?"

CLARENCE: "That has been my usual custom."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Indifferent.—GUS: "The horn on your car must be broken."

MR. ——: "No, it's just indifferent."

GUS: "Indifferent! What do you mean?"

MR. ——: "It just doesn't give a hoot."—*Annapolis Log.*

Dangerous Curves.—"The Lincoln Highway has signs all along warning the petters."

"What do the signs say?"

"Beware of soft shoulders."—*The Job Order (U.S.S. Melville).*

Butt.—"Every time I see that fellow coming out of your store, he's smoking a small stub of cigar."

"Oh yes, it's a little habit he's picked up here and there."—*American News Trade Journal (New York City).*

Colorful.—A well-dressed man had sat down on a newly painted seat. Furious, he said to the painter: "Why don't you put 'Wet Paint' on your seats?"

"That's what I'm doing, ain't I?" replied the painter.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Fruits of Dishonor.—PERCIVAL: "Daddy, do they raise political plums from seeds?"

DADDY (who never had one): "No, young man. Political plums are more often the result of a bit of clever grafting."—*Pathfinder (Washington, D. C.).*

Lost and Found.—"Has anybody ever been lost in crossing here?" asked a timid woman, who had hired a boatman to ferry her across a river.

"No'm," was the reply. "Mah brotheh was drowned heah last week, but we found him the nex' day."—*Automotive Merchandising (New York City).*

A Watched Pot.—The flapper's small brother was peeking around the corner of the door while her boy friend helped her hold down the davenport.

YOUNG LADY: "I'll give you a drum if you'll go to bed."

KIDDIE: "I don't want a drum, I wanta watch."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Inconsistent. — TALKATIVE LADY (on board ship): "Can you swim?"

SAILOR: "Only at times, ma'am."

T. L.: "Only at times! How strange; and when do these moments of ability come to you?"

SAILOR: "When I am in the water, ma'am."—*New Outlook (Toronto).*

The Milky Way.—The shop assistant was attempting to sell a bicycle to a farmer. "They're good and cheap," he urged, "and they don't eat their heads off when not in use. You'd find one mighty handy round your farm. I can sell you this one for forty dollars."

"Forty dollars! I'd rather put my money into a cow."

"But you'd look foolish riding a cow round your farm."

"Not so foolish as I'd look milking a bicycle."—*Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.*

Dry.—A tourist traveling through the Texas Panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling-station. "Looks as tho we might have rain," said the tourist. "Well, I hope so," replied the native, "not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."—*Annapolis Log.*

Excuse It, Please.—Liza, the Negro cook, answered the telephone one morning and a cheerful voice inquired, "What number is this?"

Liza was in no mood for trifling and said with some asperity, "You-all ought to know. You done called it!"—*New Outlook (Toronto).*

Masterful Barrel.—"Hoskins, the cook advises me that you were badly intoxicated last night and that you were trying to roll a barrel out of the basement. Can this be true?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And where was I during this time?"

"In the barrel, my lord."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Slips That Pass in Type

He fell down eighteen steps. The chair suffered a fractured skull, the injury proving fatal.—*San Francisco paper.*

Oh, wo is chair.

E—— fled down the street a short distance, turned the pun—a .32-caliber revolver—on himself and fired a bullet through his head.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Killing wit.

FALL KILLS FORT WORTH
RESIDENT FOR 44 YEARS
—*Fort Worth (Tex.) paper.*

Maybe he'll get time off for good behavior.

One desiring to vote a straight Republican ticket will place an X in the circle at the top of the ballot before the party name "DEMOCRATIC."—*Mattoon (Ill.) paper.*

So *that's* what happened to the election!

People who suffer from various condition like Neuritis, Arthritis, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Trouble, Colds and many other ailments, can be destroyed without discomfort or loss of time to the patron.—*Watertown (S. Dak.) paper.*

The arrangement is convenient, if hardly reasonable.

We invite every one to visit the new theater and feel that you will be more than delighted with the arrangements, convenience and modern way in which it is built and equipped. *Nothing has been spared to mar the comfort of the patrons.—Bluefield (W. Va.) paper.*

Darned obliging of them.

The youth, when discovered, was sitting slumped on a bathtub, several weeks prior to the slaying, a cord knotted about his throat, his wrists slashed, a stab wound over his heart and his skull fractured by a blow. He died without making a statement.—*Pomona (Calif.) paper.*

That was unreasonable of him.

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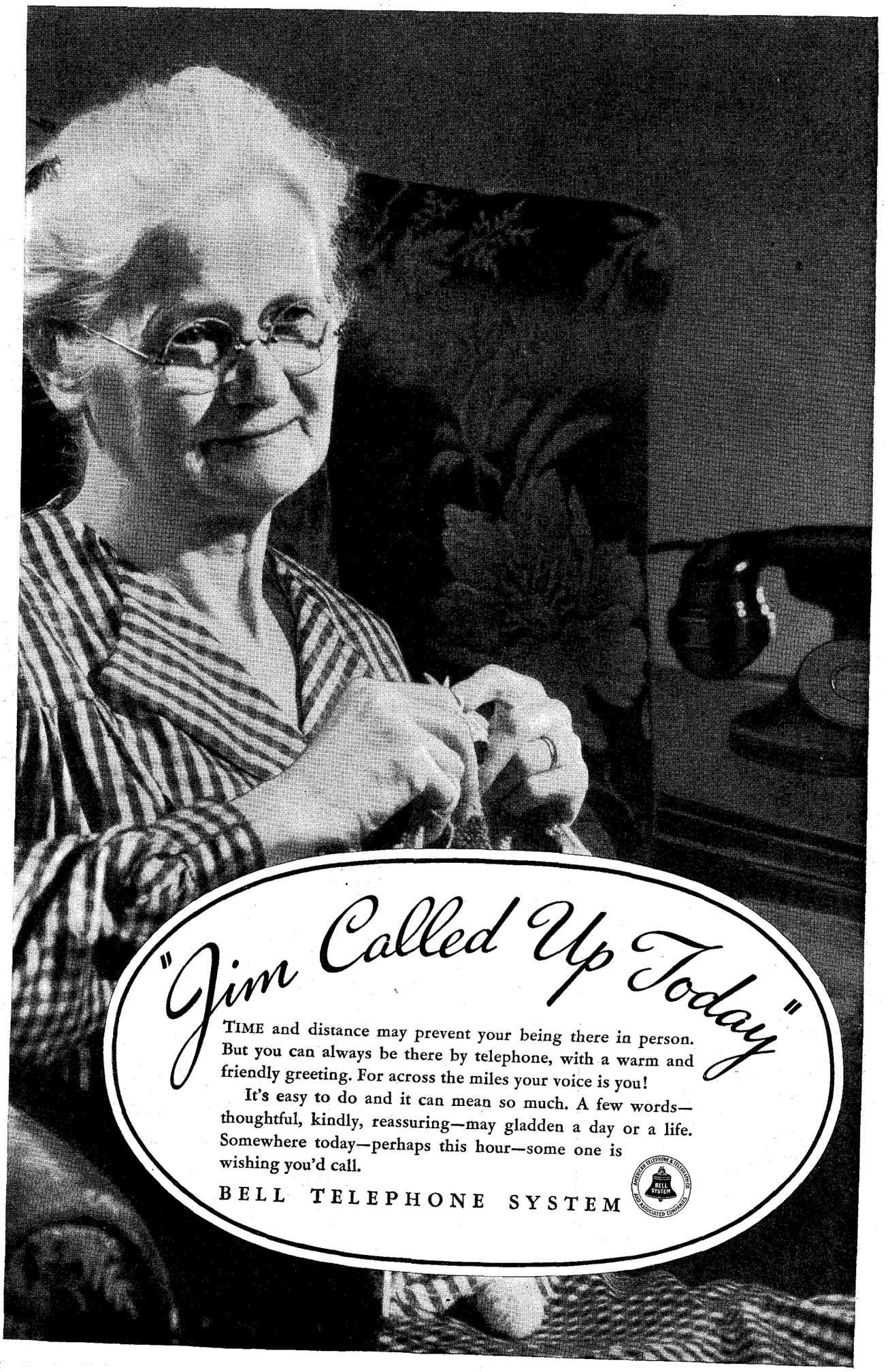
"Jim Called Up Today"
TIME and distance may prevent your being there in person. But you can always be there by telephone, with a warm and friendly greeting. For across the miles your voice is you!
It's easy to do and it can mean so much. A few words—thoughtful, kindly, reassuring—may gladden a day or a life. Somewhere today—perhaps this hour—some one is wishing you'd call.
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